



DEATH LIVES!

"... So they strung him up, dismembered him, and threw him piece by piece into a vat of boiling acid." I guess I'm just a sentimental old fool ... I'm a sucker for happy endings!





THESE WERE THE TERRIFYING, SHOCKING,
SENSATIONAL, APPALLING, FORBIDDEN...
BUT SIMPLY WONDERFUL...



HORROR COMICS

by Joe Brancatelli

OF THE 1950'S

The late H.L. Mencken, known as the "Image Breaker" by his peers in the history business, would not have been welcome by the EC fan. Mencken was always known as the defiler of the pseudo-gods, attacker of the unattackable, and criticizer of the untouchables. E.C. Comics have become all of those to their fans—pseudo-gods, untouchable, unattackable—and any attacks Mencken might have mustered against the myth that has formed around the Entertaining Comics groups would not be readily appreciated.

Fans venerate anything concerning the EC comics group. Folk lore has perpetuated itself for years. All those fans (or as they like to be called, "fan-addicts") pictured the employees of the EC group as knights on white horses, rescuing the reader from the mediocrity of comic books in the 1950's. In fact, however, EC was

Recently, those EC fan-addicts, the very same who twenty years before fell for the EC gimmick, published an ever-lasting tribute to their knights in shining armor—a 208 page, full color book reprinting the best stories EC had done. They have not forgotten, and The Monster Times' very own Joe Brancatelli takes a look at the book, the outfit that inspired them, and the people behind the legend.

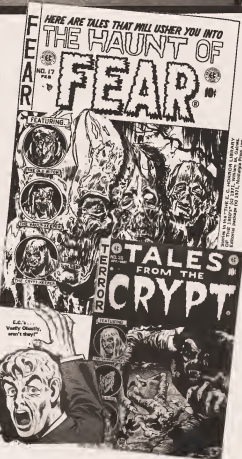
H.L. Mencken, where are you when we need you?

What prompts anyone to plunk down twenty hard earned dollars for a book. Especially a book of stories taken from those supposedly god-awful, offensive horror comics of the fifties. You might remember those horror stories, terrible, grisly tales of grue and gore. They were the stories that incited a nation. So controversial were these stories, they prompted a Congressional witch-hunt, led by the venerable old witch-bunter himself, the late Senator Estes Kefauver of Tennessee.

So what motivates a person to blow twenty clams on a book that all the established institutions tell us is bad. Discounting the rich, the people who buy anything that is anti-establishment and the mobsters who must hide their money from Uncle Sam, the overwhelming reason is that misty-eyed commodity known as NOSTALGIA.

For those of you too young to be struck by nostalgia, let us tell you a little about the peerless fifties. Or at least the state of comic books in the fifties (this isn't the AMERICAN HISTORY QUARTERLY, or hadn't you noticed).

like any comic outfit during the trying 50's. The 1950's were lean years for comics, and everyone, EC included, was looking for some gimmick to hypo sales. They would try anything to sell their books. EC was lucky—they found the gimmick. Any company might have, National, Atlas, Fiction House, Charlton, Dell, any publisher of the 50's. But EC found the gimmick first. Their gimmick was quality.



AND I WAIT. I WAIT AND LISTEN TO THE TEENAGERS AND PULLING AND SCREAMING AND SCOTCH WHISKY. AND THEN I LOOK...



AND I FEEL NO PAIN AS THE VIOLENT JAWS OF THE HORNED VULTURES CLOSE UPON MY FLANK AND FEEL IF FROM MY BONES. I CANNOT MOVE. I CANNOT STOP THEM.



THE SCREAM BEHIND ME IS PROBABLY STUTTERED ELEANOR. BUT I FEEL NO PAIN. I FEEL NO MOVEMENT. JUST EVERY WHEN I SEE THE VULTURES SMASH ON MY OWN CHEST TEENAGERS AND SCOTCH WHISKY.



I CAN ONLY WATCH IN SILENT HORROR AS THEY FEED UPON ME. I CAN WATCH ONLY UNTIL ONE OF THEM PLUCKS MY EYEBALLS FROM MY NOSE...



FOR I AM DEAD...

This picture of a quiet day in the desert, presented by the inimitable Russ Crandall, is the ending of "Carnage Death." From SHOCK SUSPENSION (©, 1962), we understand this tale was a flood of violence everywhere.

Comics were not alone featured in the decade that also produced such luminaries as Joe McCarthy, Alger Hiss and some Californian with long jaws named Dick Nixon (you remember him). The comic book had just emerged from a period later to be known as the "Golden Age of Comics" from 1939 to about 1945. From then to about 1949, they marked time, feeling their way around, looking for a trend to replace the now tarnished image of the super-hero who had been the stalwart of the good times. In that Golden Age, such long-jawed good guys as Captain Marvel were selling about two, and a half million copies every week, with Superman close behind. But the end of World War II also ended the dominance of the super-hero (who had spent most of his time beating Kruks and Nips. Someone once calculated that American super-heroes had killed about nine billion of the enemy.) And the slump that started in the late forties developed into a serious depression in the early months of 1950. All the big companies were looking for a trend that would sell comics. The super hero was dead (indeed, the Big Red Cheese, as Captain Marvel was called, had dropped to about 300,000 copies a month and would not survive the fifties or a lawsuit with Superman), cowboys were not selling and romance wasn't exactly making readers storm the newsstands. Kids were giving up comic books as tedious, spending most of the time they're supposed to spend doing homework watching that colored television set.

Well, not really. E.C. (first standing for Educational Comics and then Entertaining Comics) had been around for a while, created by

M.C. Gaines (we told you to remember him) in the mid-forties. It too was looking for a trend. It had bet on cowboy comics, romance comics, or comics, and all sorts of combinations of the aforementioned (for instance one tale started as MOON GIRL, changed to A MOON ... A

GIRL... ROMANCE and then finally MOON GIRL FIGHTS CRIME). Their Managing Editor, Bill Gaines (yes, folks, poppa's son), and Editor Al Feldstein (he wasn't related, he just walked into the office one day) decided they might try horror. They created a few story tellers.

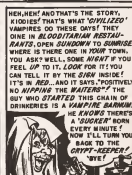
Feldstein and Gaines' creations, The Crypt-Keeper, The Old Witch and The Vault Keeper, were obscure as if they were anything. Sarcastic, impudent and absolutely shiffling, they wore yards of horror, twisting tales of gore and gruesome reality. The three witches dealt in perverted scenes of horror, scary gore and simply disgusting realism. No matter how horrible those tales of the witches were, the main characters were rotten people, and they all got theirs in the end, usually by some ironic twist of fate that sealed their doom.

And for about three years from 1950 when Gaines and Feldstein introduced the pilot magazines, THE HAUNT OF FEAR and THE CRYPT OF TERROR, E.C. comics were the hottest sellers going. They introduced war books, crime books,

science fiction books, humor books, and they all were gobbled off the stands. And they were imitated.

And that was E.C.'s downfall. Their imitators tried hard to match E.C.'s class, but couldn't. Their tales almost always ended as senseless situation-violence. They were bad books, thrown together to capitalize on E.C.'s popularity. Many of the younger kids couldn't tell the difference, and brought home the trashy imitations and their parents found them. Justifiably angered, the public raised an outcry. Men like Estes Kefauver seized upon the comic book horror, and called for their censorship. Fredric Wertham, a psychiatrist who has been on a life long crusade against violence in the media, published a book entitled SEDUCTION OF THE INNOCENT, reprinting lots of EC art, but neglecting to mention the story line of EC comics, or to differentiate between them and their imitators. With the public aroused, the comic industry (or at least some of the industry) instituted a self-censoring body

The last four panels from "Midnight Mass," drawn by Joe Orlando. This bloody-but-beautiful tale gave E.C.'s version of what happens of the old, beloved professional vampire. From TALES FROM THE CRYPT #39, 1963.





A scoop, for all you sharp readers of EMT: Johnny Craig's cover for THE VAULT OF HORROR #32 was heavily published without the sex, making it a much safer cover!

Horrorist, anyway! The Old Crisp-Keeper beckons to all his hungry kids here at the start of the 1952 tale "Tain't The Meat.... It's The Humanity!" Drawn by Jack Davis.



known to this day as the Comics Code Authority. The Code had its desired effect, placing an immense public, who then went back to persecuting non-existent communists, but by then EC had been struck a mortal blow. Distributors refused to distribute them, vendors refused to sell them, and EC comics were dead. They threw in the towel in 1955, and after several brief attempts at revivals, EC faded into whatever other comic companies fade into.

Or so the editors thought. The fans of EC never relented. They went underground, publishing clandestine magazines, never forgetting EC. They re-emerged briefly in 1964, when Ballantine Books published paperbacks that reprinted some EC stories. Later merging with the now growing general comic fandom, they educated a whole new audience to EC comics. Now there were two EC fandoms: the original group, that saved their lunch money to buy the EC's as they came off the presses, and the new group, the fans of EC who were too young to have bought EC off the stands, but who were paying \$10 and \$15 at comic conventions for the honor of owning an EC comic book.

For the original EC fan,

HORROR LIBRARY OF THE 1950's is a memento, a reassurance that what was good for them, is good for the youth of today. For the new EC fan, it's a sort of legitimacy. A sort of affirmation of the validity of comic collecting. And that is why the EC book will become a classic, if not in terms of sales, definitely in terms of feeling. That feeling of nostalgia, if you will.

The book reprints twenty-three stories between its covers. They are all hallmarks of EC comics. Everyone of them a ouget of writing that you'd swear took days to even conceive, not to mention the actual plotting, dialoguing, panel breakdowns and everything else. And the art... heaven, pure and simple.

Some critics of EC comics (No doubt sons of the irrepressible H.L. Menckee) claim that E.C.'s comics fall into the trap of repetition. They claim that stories are basically similar. The villain, who might not look like the villain at first, is a supremely rotten guy, and in the end, through some irony gets justice dealt to him from the bottom of the deck. That, critics permit, is the basis for every one of E.C.'s horror tales. What they fail to realize is that all comic writing is formula writing, and that E.C. found a formula that provided consistently interesting tales in an achievement in itself.

But the amazing thing is that most of all the tales in this book, indeed almost all E.C. stories, were written in one day by a combination of Gaines and Feltstein. Comic publishing is a hectic business, and deadline pressures force a rapid pace, thus making comic writing tantamount to hard jobs. But somehow, somehow, Feltstein got the twist ending in everytime, and simultaneously developed a style. A comic style. Feltstein developed a fluid style that read like the great short story writers, especially Bradbury and De Vries. Later EC even began adapting some of the memorable Ray Bradbury stories into comic strips.

But enough of the abstracts. You want to know about the stories in the book. Well, since THE MONSTER TIMES is the entertainment business, and since THE MONSTER TIMES is not above recognizing the achievements of others, let us tell you about some of those EC masterpieces.

For our moony, 'TAIN'T THE MEAT... IT'S THE HUMANITY' is a tale in the book. Set in the World War II era of food rationing, old Zach Grisle, small time butcher, decides to get into the black market. He sells his relatively small amount of choice meat to black market customers, while the regulars get the worst. But that runs out, the regulars get spoiled meat, the tainted meat, all



"TAINT THE MEAT... IT'S THE HUMANITY" is a quaint little yarn about a butcher... one that will surely tickle your squeamish. This meaty melodrama comes from TALES OF THE CRYPT #32 and was cleverly done by none other than Jack Davis.

unknownst to them. Old Zach's wife discovers this, but does nothing until her own son is killed by eating the tainted meat (we must be a guest at one of his dad's customers). What does she do? Well, Mrs. Gristle cleaves old Zach to death and opens up her husband's store with... choke... her husband all carved up and on display in the store showcase. Meaty tale, not?

Another, aptly titled FOUL PLAY, features super-nasty Herbie Satten. Herbie is a real mean guy. So intent was Herbie on winning a ball game for his team, that he put poison on his cleats, then spiked the opposing second baseman in what looked like a useless steal attempt. The poison was quick acting, and, as it would happen, the second baseman falls dead shortly after Satten strikes him out, ending a rally. The other team knows it's Satten's doing, and in a most grisly revenge, they dismember Satten, then play a game of ball, using Satten's bloody head as the ball, his leg as a bat, his heart as home plate and his intestines as the foul line. They sure threw him a curve, eh? And while we don't want to ruin your fun when you buy the book,



This woman is certainly NOT going to have a Merry Christmas, thanks to Johnny Ong and the staff of E.C., who arranged for her appearance in VAULT OF HORROR #23.

we want to mention one other tale that struck our fancy. It's called STROK! YOU'RE KILLING ME! It's a devilish tale of two firemen, who baste each other. One night, while one was on duty, a call comes to save the other's house. Naturally, the fireman on duty takes his time,

and eliminates his enemy, who died in the fire. The dead fire-fighter gets his revenge several months later, when the remaining fireman gets a call to put out a fire at his own house. But while going down the descent pole, he is slashed to death. Someone (and the story indicates that it is the dead fireman) has replaced the pole with a sharp blade. Cutting tale, yes?

If we had ten issues to discuss this book, I might talk at some length about the artistic content of this book. How can you discuss the legendary art of E.C. comics? (And any of you out there who said "quickly" deserve to be starred in a new EC story entitled HOT SEAT, the tale of Santa Claus coming down a fire place.) They compiled in just five years the best collection of artists ever to grace the pages of comics.

There was Graham Ingels, the head of the staff. His art was so horribly unique he started signing his name GHAISTLY. Ingels had a non-descript career before joining E.C., and declined after EC folded and later disappeared, but his work for E.C. was amazing. Never before in the history of the comic medium, perhaps illustrating itself,

The Graham Ingels cover for "Horror Via, How's Bepop?" "Haunt of Fear" #25 was never the same, as Ghaistly struck again!



This poor devil is about to be "Swamped." In HAUNT OF FEAR #27, Reed Crandall created the story, with an unforgettable feeling of muddy death that haunted the nightmares in 1964.

had any artist so graphically portrayed and conveyed the sense of horror as Ingels had. His work was truly inspired.

Then there was Jack Davis. Davis is a genius, pure and simple. You've seen his work countless times, on



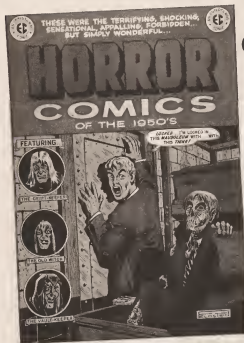
Tap... You're it, kids, if this Jack Davis graphic gets you!

TV GUIDE covers, television station commercials, MAD MAGAZINE and many others. It was Davis who portrayed the previously mentioned Zach Gristle who ended up in the meat showcase. It was also Davis whose grisly portrayal of Herbie Satten being dismembered in FOUL PLAY made the story famous. He's most recently drawn SESAME STREET's "Cookie Monster" so well that when TV GUIDE wanted the monster for one of its covers, they chose Davis.

Reed Crandall was another, as was George Evans. They may not be familiar names, but they are geniuses in their own right. And, of course, there was the young Al Williamson, present SECRET AGENT CORRIGAN artist, who drew for EC. He couldn't draw faces then, but could he draw everything else. The other names flow like water down a mountain: Frazetta, Orlando, Feldstein, Craig,

Continued on page 23





EC HORROR COMICS OF THE 50'S

Dim the lights and close the doors as those FETID FOLKTALES of the 1950's bubble forth in FULL COLOR from the witch's cauldron. A selection of the greatest scare stories from HAUNT OF FEAR, TALES FROM THE CRYPT, and VAULT OF HORROR... including a rare unpublished TERROR TALE.

These stories will terrify you like they terrified a whole generation of readers! EC HORROR COMICS OF THE 1950's features a fantastic collection of terror stories plus the original ads for MAD, artist biographies and more! From the comic book company that brought readers the finest horror stories of its time comes a collector's edition you must have!

Great comic artists like WALLY WOOD, JACK DAVIS, FRANK FRAZZETTA, AL WILLIAMSON! Stories reproduced in Full Color! 23 horrifying epics from the original comics! All the old ads and editorials plus artist biographies! The comics that caused all the excitement way back when! These are the comics they wouldn't let you read!

THE MONSTER TIMES

P.O. Box 595, Old Chelsea Station
New York, N.Y. 10011

Yes, send me the Collector's Limited Edition Copy of EC HORROR COMICS OF THE 1950's for which I enclose \$19.95 plus \$1.00 Postage and Handling. (Total \$20.95)

NAME _____

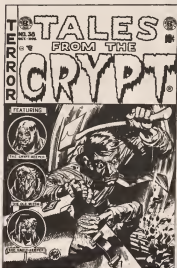
ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

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GIANT EC POSTERS!



DEATH LIVES! In these two FULL-COLOR vintage E.C. Posters! Original covers of TALES FROM THE CRYPT NO. 38 and THE VAULT OF HORROR NO. 32. Never published in these versions because they were considered TOO frightening, these never-before-seen renditions can now be yours! Printed 22"x28" on sturdy paper stock, these masterpieces are always sent rolled, in sturdy mailing tubes, for Super-protection. The VAULT cover is by Johnny Craig, and the CRYPT cover by famed cartoonist Jack Davis. The best in art, color, clarity and horror, all yours for only \$2.50 plus .50 postage, each. The supply will be limited, so we urge you to order now!

THE MONSTER TIMES DEPT. EC
P.O. Box 595, Old Chelsea Station
New York, N.Y. 10011

Please send the full color posters. I've checked below.

Yes, I want the TALES FROM THE CRYPT E.C. Poster. Please, the last cover enclosed is \$2.50 plus .50 postage (Total of \$3.00).

Yes, I want the VAULT OF HORROR E.C. Poster. Please, the last cover enclosed is \$2.50 plus .50 postage (Total of \$3.00).

I get an E.C. FREEK and must have 80000 other incredible masterpieces. Enclosed find my \$4.00 plus .50 postage (Total of \$4.50).

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STATE _____ ZIP _____



Continuing our inhuman coverage of all things unbecomingly, we at The Monster Times hired a top private detective who bravely located those smooches of E.C. comix; The Vault-Keeper ("The Vault of Horror"), The Crypt-Keeper ("Tales From the Crypt"), and The Old Witch ("The Haunt of Fear"). Checking further, we found someone willing to interview them (Our detective is now in the Serenity Sanitarium for No-Good Nuts). Yes, we found Mark Evanier, and flew him from Los Angeles to Brooklyn (on a broomstick... of course), to introduce our readers to The Gruesome Threesome.

"This is the perfect assignment for you," they were telling me. "You don't know the meaning of the word, fear. You don't know the meaning of the word, quit. We've read over a lot of your articles, Evanier. You don't know the meaning of very many words, do you?"

"Fear," I said, "(noun) Painful emotion excited by apprehension of impending danger; dread; the object of fear; final regard mingled with awe, reverence. (verb transitive) to feel fear; to apprehend..."

"Can the cute stuff," they said, "we need an interview for this issue of The Monster Times, so we want you to go talk to the three ghouls who used to host the E.C. horror comic books. Here's the address. Be there in ten minutes."

"Quit," I said, "(adjective) Discharged; released; from; clear. (verb transitive) quitting, quit..."

JOURNEY INTO BROOKLYN!

Ten minutes later, however, I was knocking upon a certain door in the heart of Flatbush—Why, I don't know. Something about my body being mauled if I didn't come back with the interview. The door swung open, slowly and with a solicitous Inner Sanctum squeal. The interior of the house was dark, very much so. But I was able to make out the hunched-over form of the Vault-Keeper, with no problem.

Not since 1954 had the Vault-Keeper been seen in public, not his partners, the Crypt-Keeper and the Old Witch. It was then that their popular horror comic—"The Vault of Horror," "Tales From the Crypt," and "The Haunt of Fear," respectively—were discontinued. Save for a few reprints, they had all been retired ever since. And it was remarkable how well-remembered they were, in some circles.

... RAPPING AT

MY CHAMBER DOOR!

"Who is it?" yelled a voice from somewhere within the old house. "Is it another Avon lady, V.K.?"

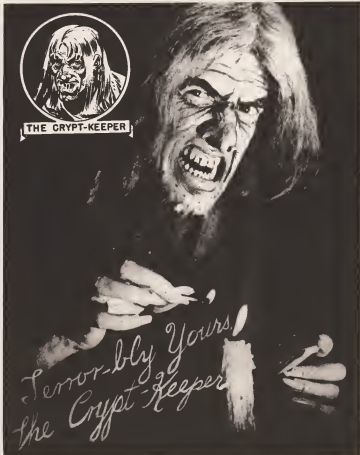
The crazy features of the Vault-Keeper were beginning to come into focus. He looked as he always had, sickening. "Hah hah," he chuckled. "No, it's just some tall, skinny guy. Come on in, putrid puss! What brings you here?"

I introduced myself as a reporter from The Monster Times.

"Oh," he sounded disappointed. "I was thinking it might be someone important. Well, here I am in the livid flesh, the Vault-Keeper,

Introducin' the Gruesome Threesome

INTERVIEW BY MARK EVANIER



"Hah, hah, hah! So glad to see you, my brain-withered overlord! So the women has taken a turn for the worst, has it, and wonderful smooch into your friendly old Vault-Keeper's ancient shoes, ah! Well... you're just in time—there's mind-blowing, spine-shaking stories aplenty awaiting you in this latest unscrupulously edition of THE MONSTER TIMES! So step right into my Vault, don't be shy... and close the door behind me, yes. You won't be using it again..."

Cue to hear one of my nauseating novelettes? Got a dandy here about a husband who sticks his wife in a microwave oven. It's called "Spouse-Warming"—!"

"Uh, not right now, if you don't mind," I said. "Who was that I heard yelling to you, just a minute ago?"

GALLERY OF GORE!

"Oh, that's the Old Witch! Come on, sloosh over this way and I'll introduce you to her."

As he led me through the corridors, I studied this majestic home where they had ensconced themselves for retirement. It was all

very old and very ornate. As we walked down the hall, I noticed a series of portraits of Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi, Vincent Price, Peter Lorre, Lon Chaney and Jerry Lewis. "What's Jerry Lewis doing up there with all these masters of screen horror?" I asked.

The Vault-Keeper stopped in his



"Hah, ha! If it isn't real Yours truly, the Old Witch, and I've got my twenty years worth of witchy I'll sweep a little glow & down your very. Yours, my old lover's last 'maiden' air bubble! Just to make it hot for you. Yours! You join me in a day! It's the old E.C. fan! Join—putt! hee! on your sheet, write on your nose, and flowers on your grave!"

tracks and looked up at me. "Obviously, you've never seen a 'Jenny Lewis movie'."

I was led into a high-ceiling room, well-cluttered with cobwebs. The walls were lined with ancient books and poisons. In the center, a bubbling cauldron stood. "Is this the Old Witch's laboratory?" I asked.

"It ain't Dinah's Place," the Vault-Keeper responded.

While the Vault-Keeper had aged little in almost twenty years, the Old Witch was altogether different. She shuffled in, holding a lizard by the tail, and seeming oblivious to my presence. "I'm so glad it wasn't another Avon Lady, V.K. We haven't finished the last one, yet! Hee hee!" Suddenly, I was spotted. "Well, it's about time we got some young blood around here. Fond solicitations, freak! Welcome to my hacienda of Horror. Step up and groom a scrumptious slew of slop from my crud-crusted cauldron!"

I was at a loss for words to refuse. This, Emily Post never covered. I wouldn't even know which fork to use to eat a slew of slop. I tried to change the subject. "Say, is the Crypt-Keeper around?" I always got a kick out of his stories. Is he here?"

A SLEW OF SLOP

The Old Witch motioned to a chair. "He'll be back in a few minutes. Park your crumpling carcass, ah. So, you're from The Monster Times, huh?"

"That's right," I said. "I understand you're subscribers."

The Vault-Keeper cut in. "Heh heh, yep! It's a little far out for us, though. Especially that racist reviewer of yours, Rex Reed." "That's Women's Wear Daily, you're thinking of, V.K.," said the Old Witch. "You're a real Ghoulstic."

"Just what do you two do all day now that you're retired? Ever have the urge to get back in harness?"

The Old Witch answered as she stirred her cauldron. "I cook, mostly. Say, you sure you wouldn't like a slew of slop? Made it myself! One sip of this and your whole face will break out. It's a shame a scrawny kid like you doesn't have some."

NO MONSTERS IN MAD!!

"We're still on pensions from E.C., you know," the Vault-Keeper explained. "When our putrid periodicals got the ax, there was just no place for us to vamoose to. I mean, we only agreed to let ourselves down to those maggoty magazines so we could share our yelp years with the world. We were getting a little fed up, anyway, with those idiot editors. They were futzing around with all these stagnating stories of science-fiction and pirates and stuff. And that real wretch Mad. I looked through three whole issues. Couldn't find a werewolf or a zombie... what a loser. We told those comic schnooks at E.C. they had a bomb on their hands but that wretched rag actually caught on! No one cared to hear our blood-curdling, spine-tingling, heaping helpings of horror, anymore. Say, you want to hear one? I have a gruesome gagging right here about a husband who cremates his wife and puts her ashes in an hourglass. It's called 'The Time of Your Wife!'"

Just then, I was spared by the sound of a door slam, elsewhere in the old house.

"Crypt-Keeper's in," the Old Witch announced. "You can meet him, if you like. Personally, I don't see what you see in that old fool of a ghoul. His terror tales looked like nursery rhymes, next to mine."

"Heh heh, here he comes," V.K. signaled.

"Bah! Out of my way!" The Crypt-Keeper pushed his way into the room. He was obviously not in the mood to converse. "Nine people stopped me on the street, today, for autographs. They all thought I was Sir Ralph

Richardson, whoever he is!"

"He's the actor who played you in the 'Tales From the Crypt' movie," I explained.

"Who's the skinny kid without a cue?" he asked the others.

THE MONSTER TIMES, EH?

"Heh heh, he's from that nauseating newspaper, The Monster Times responded the Vault-Keeper. The Crypt-Keeper's face, I noted, had not changed much. The added years only gave it more of its ghoulish flavor. Now, as I was introduced, it began to have that faintly sinister smirk. He peered at me, then brightened up considerably. "A repulsive reporter, huh? Heh heh, so you came to learn at the feet of the old master of ceremonies, the Crypt-Keeper. Well, you'll be amply-sickened by the time I get through with you. You seem a little young to have been a fearsome follower of my much-ah..."

"Well," I said. "They were a bit before my time. But there's been a renewed interest these days, in the old E.C. comics. Reprints... movies... They're even holding a big convention..."

"And you know why?" The Crypt-Keeper almost booted from his chair. "It's because these guys, today, don't kill horror! They think it's all hitting necks and trick endings and the guy you least suspect turning out to be the werewolf! Puh-lease! In the hands of amateurs! Why, in my yucky yelp years... Here, let me give you a demonic demonstration!"

Before I could protest, the Crypt-Keeper shoved me over to a guillotine and locked my head under its hanging blade. "Now, that's horror! Are you scared, huh?"

I had to admit that I was.

"Your shoulders are shivering. Your trunk is trembling. Now, for a quivering quip..." The Monster Times lost a good reporter when they tried to cut down on the overhead! You get it?"

CURSED RENTED GUILLOTINE!

"I get it! I get it! Now, let me out of here!"

"Heh heh! Not yet! We've got too good a story going!"

"But that blade could fall, any minute!"

"Say, grimy! You've got a pretty good neck on your shoulders. Here we go. I'm pressing the release!"

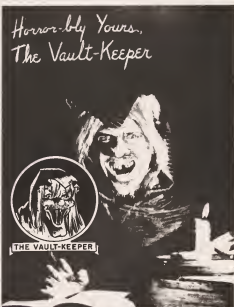
Nothing happened. When I opened my eyes, I could still open my eyes. The Crypt-Keeper was pounding the side of the guillotine.

"That's the last order I place with Abbey Renai! Horror is a grave undertaking! Can't do it with cheap equipment."

The Vault-Keeper unbuckled me and led me towards the door. "Come back next week when he gets it working right. You'll just love his cadaverous cawing! By bye and buy Vault of Horror!"

Once outside, I ran for my life—sweating, shaking... unable to even think straight.

And that, general, is the whole truth and why I think I qualify for a Medical Exemption from the Draft.



"Well, my blood-curdling kidding, if you aren't a sight for ghoulst eyes! Your friend the Crypt-Keeper is here in, heh-heh, 'under' to you... and I hope you remember to keep an eye out for him. Go ahead, take a long look around the crypt... I know you would have wanted to that way..."



Looks like there's more than one seduction going on here at Crane-owned TMT staffer studios. Dr. Wertham's book, apparently unopposed at the *Wired* media taking place below.

In the motion picture business, the secession is "The Face on the Cutting Room Floor." The cutters... lovingly calling themselves "censors"... are at work elsewhere, too, dispensing such amounts of entertainment from time to time, as their superior minds decide the world is ready for. In the 1950's there were many censors of many types, mostly political. And you could never tell when something like entertainment, namely comics, would be defined as political, or important enough to be answered and hidden and killed off. The motives are not always illogical or impersonal. Some censors take up their work because they believe they are doing the right thing for mankind. Such a man is the learned and somewhat respected Dr. Fredric Wertham (Real name: Frederic I. Wertham). His motives? Who can tell. Only one thing is certain... He does what he believes in. Is he right to any extent? Or wrong to what extent? When you find out the man's position on comics, you'll have an opinion of your own.

The Entertaining Comics Group (born the Educational Comics Group) was a prime target for censors with so many titles offering graphic stories of crime, war, horror and science fiction.

When the pressures really mounted against comic books in the early 1950's, a noticeable amount of the pressure was applied to EC. Other targets included the Lev Gleason publications (your crime books like *Crime Does Not Pay*) and Fiction House (with little-dread white girls whipping up on the natives in Africa and getting tied up a lot).

I understand that Dr. Fredric Wertham has denied to THE MONSTER TIMES that he ever attacked EC, interesting.

Dr. Wertham's SEDUCTION OF THE

"COVER OF A CHILDREN'S COMIC BOOK," says the kindly Dr. Jack J. Crag's portrait of hanged man actually presents a pretty unappealing view of violence to us MTers.



"A GIRL RAPED AND MURDERED," reads Wertham's caption. Not only is there no mention of rape in the story the slush illustrated, but it didn't even appear in a comic book. The title is from a magazine... not that "expert" Wertham can be bothered with such trifling distinctions.

Here come da SHRINK!!!

SPAWN OF DR. WERTHAM By Don Thompson

INNOCENT (Rinehart, 1954) lacks an index, so it is difficult to sort out all the mentions of EC stories and titles. But the 16-page spread of pictures from the comic which makes up the center signature of the book includes three full pages from EC titles.

Dr. Wertham's never created any of the illustrations. In fact, the publisher's name was removed from two of the three covers he reproduced, including a Johnny Craig cover from Crane Suspense Stories showing a closeup of a hanged man. Craig's signature was whittled out, too, though the circle he put it in remains. (The only cover which identified the



"CARICATURE OF THE AUTHOR IN A POSITION COMIC-BOOK PUBLISHERS MUST BE WERE IN PERMANENTLY." While the author of this article does not remember between book and Dr. Wertham-criticism it seemed as another example of the good doctor's boundless paranoia-ware at TMT which it was indeed look like this particular comic-book publisher was exhibiting in a lot of useful ways.

publisher was Hiram Publications. Crane Detective Comics which showed a psychiatrist named Dr. M. Brown tied and gagged. The picture is captioned "Closeup of the author in a position comic-book publishers with he were in permanently." Dr. Brown does not resemble Dr. Wertham (the alibi).

The Craig cover is pretty revolting, with the hanged man's face shown in extreme close-up, the tongue protruding and the eyeballs rolled back.

Even worse are two panels from a Jack Davis horror story showing a hellish



"A COMIC-BOOK BASEBALL GAME. NOTICE THE CHEST PROTECTOR AND OTHER DETAILS IN THE TEXT AND PICTURES." Can artist Jack Davis, who illustrated the story appearing in HARRY OF FEAR No. 16 in 1953 help it if our national pastime is a rough sport?

using the dismembered body of the story's villain as sports equipment. The umpire douse the plate with the scalp — the plate is the heart — the inmates mark the base from — the arms and legs are bats — the torso is strapped on the catcher as a chest-protector — the hands are strapped on the infielder as mitts — the stomach is the rosin bag — and, of course, the head, eyeballs dangling, is the ball.

It has been said that Gaines latched on that story being written and drawn as a defiance of the pressure groups that opposed horror comics. If so, it was a bad decision. The story was indefensible and provided the lead-off item for Wertham's gallery of bad examples from the comics. Many of his other items are ridiculous or lying — ridiculous is a closeup of a drawing of a man's shoulder in which Wertham uses a dirty picture; lying is a panel of a milkman discovering a woman's body and captioned "A girl raped and murdered" even though the story (from a pulp magazine, NOT from a comic book) NEVER implies rape. The Davis EC item was genuine and was cited by at least one reviewer as the convincing argument against comic books.

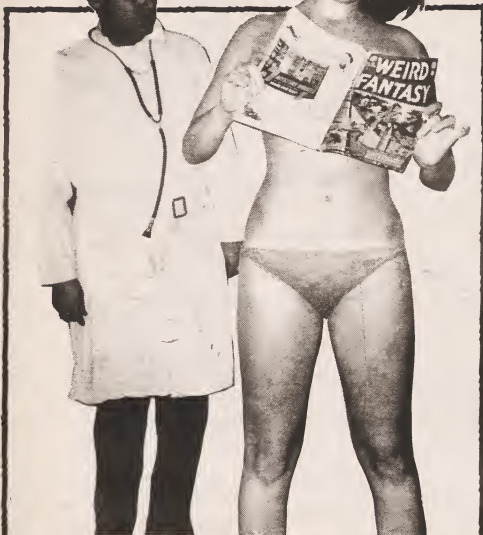
The other EC reprint is a fairly innocuous sequence from a Bill Elder science fiction story in which a Martian girl kills her husband when she discovers he is a "MAMMAL," which bears its young ALIVE... attached to the mother by an UMBILICAL cord, while "we say EGGSE WE HAVE NO NAVELS!" Dr. Wertham seemed pretty

shaken by the use of the term "mammas", my high-school biology

"IN ORDINARY COMIC BOOKS, THERE ARE PICTURES FOR CHILDREN WHO KNOW HOW TO LOOK." Dr. Wertham apparently uses a "dirty" detail here and it makes one wonder if it is all in the eye of the beholder... another example of Wertham's horror, perhaps? What harm could it do?



"Harmful?" exclaims Dr. Freud. "Why if it weren't for comic books she'd be COMPLETELY illiterate!"



INNOCENCE REGAINED

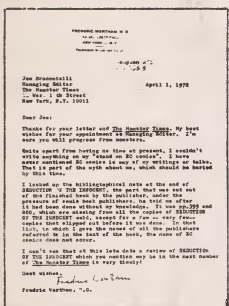
Contrary to Dr. Fredric Wertham's findings on "the pernicious influence of comic books on the youth of today," as contained in his shrewd, neurotic tome **SEDUCTION OF THE INNOCENT**, TMT's resident shrink, Dr. Sigmund Freud, has proven beyond a shadow of a doubt the beneficial nature of these very same comics.

"The so-called 'comic' books," Dr. Freud maintains, "afford the youth of America an early introduction to the violence and callousness that is so much an integral part of our present societal structure, but present them in such a way that said youth can clearly view the folly of these destructive elements. Rather than encouraging the propagation of the evils often depicted in the comic books," the eminent doctor, who holds a degree in Psychology from Bronx Community College, continued, "they are represented in such a manner that they inspire a healthy sense of revulsion, rather than a desire to emulate the negative deeds."

Employing a cross-section of "youths of today" to serve as a test group, Dr. Freud divided the group in two and locked them in separate rooms for a period lasting several weeks. One group was given a wide range of comic books to read, while the other was supplied with a set of Encyclopedia Britannicas. According to the doctor, the members of the first group emerged from their seclusion "so smart it would make your head spin," whereas the group who perused the encyclopedias volume were "so dull you couldn't even talk to them."

An interesting sidelight to emerge from the study was the fact that the group that had been allowed access to the comic books also had 44% fewer cavities than the other group. This unexpected finding prompted the good doctor to remark: "See? What'd I tell you!" While this dental development "eludes immediate explanation," Dr. Freud assured us that this too will be cleared up in due time. "Gimme a couple minutes," he said, "and I'll come up with something."

The following letter, sent to us from the good Dr. Wertham himself, includes the interesting information that he "... never mentioned E.C. Comics in any of my writings or talks." He doesn't "talk" about them; he merely reports them, accompanied by his own often highly fanciful captions.



textbook would have jarred him badly. Dr. Wertham's book was so fully censored. The publisher sent men out to the stores, armed with razor blades, and had them cut out a "Bibliographical Note" which had been pages 399 and



"CHILDREN CALL THESE 'HEADLIGHTS' COMICS." If anyone out there knows what the Doc means by "headlights" comics, would they please let us know? We're getting scared that we might be missing something...

400. Only a few copies of this list exist. I have photocopies of it — it lists the publishers quoted or referred to in the text, including some dummy companies for EC: Educational Comics, Inc., Fables Publishing Co. and Tiny Tot Comics, Inc. Several comic book publishers, including EC, used different companies to publish different books — if the books failed, creditors could only attach the assets of that company, not the entire line.

With the coming of the Comics Code Authority, EC killed the three horror comics which had been the financial support of much of the rest of the line, Vault of Horror, Tales from the Crypt and Haunt of Fear. A projected fourth title, The Crypt of Terror, never appeared except as the final issue of Tales from the Crypt.

Weird Science-Fantasy underwent some changes, too. It went from WEIRD Science-Fantasy to Weird Science-FANTASY to Incredible Science Fiction. And Earthmen kept losing to aliens; the Code did not like that — check the science fiction comics published under the Code and see how many stories you can find with Earthmen losing to aliens.

In Incredible Science Fiction No. 32 there was a beautifully drawn story (Al Williamson and Roy Krenkel did the art, Marie Severin did a sensitive and noteworthy coloring job) called "Food for Thought." The Code people objected that flying lizards shown in the background on the splash panel were satires on angels (I) and forced EC to add an eighth page to the seven-page story reversing the earthmen's defeat by an intelligent plant. This wrecked the budget for the issue, since a page of advertising had to be dropped.



The Comics Code took offense at "Judgment Day," because a BLACK astronaut is the hero of the story, which was, in fact, a parable speaking out against racial prejudice. The tale was reprinted by E.C. without Code permission.

With the next issue, the Code found one story wholly unacceptable. Publisher William M. Gaines decided to rerun one of EC's most popular stories, one which had been singled out for praise by Ray Bradbury. The story, "Judgment Day" (originally in Weird Fantasy No. 18) featured orange robots invading blue robots as inferiors and being visited by an Earthman inspecting the planet to see if it is ready to join the Galactic Republic. Because of the bigotry of the orange robots, Galactic citizenship is denied. In the last panel, the spaceman removes his helmet and is revealed as a Negro.

Well, said the Code, you certainly can't print that, unless you change the spaceman to a Caucasian. Gaines told the Code people they were bigots, said he would print it anyway and that if they objected he would make sure the reason for their objection got national coverage. With the cowardice of their convictions, the Code people backed down, the story was reprinted. Gaines then killed the book and turned his efforts to making a success of Mad as a magazine.

Mad got out of the comics because even it was not safe from the censors. A Charlie Chan satire in Panic, Mad's sister satirical comic, had at least one gag ruled when the Code had Charlie rip off a girl's hair when the obvious gag was to

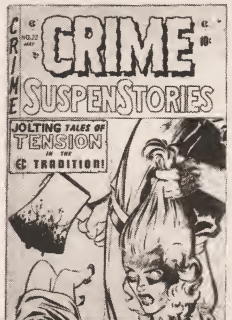


"CORPSES OF COLORED PEOPLE STRUNG UP BY THEIR WRISTS," said the book's caption. These "frightened natives" would not be frightened if they were "corpses," as Dr. Wertham claims they are.

rip off her clothes — this is less objectionable?

Another example of censorship as a point-killer came when a Jew was turned into a Christian in Impact No. 4, "The Lonely One" concerned a GI shunned by his fellow-soldiers because "his kind," who could be spotted by their names, were all cowards. His name, after the Code stepped in, was Miller, as innocuous and Anglo-Saxon as Smith. The soldier eventually proves himself a hero and the bigot who persecuted him becomes "the lonely one" but the story is meaningless as printed. Leonard Darwin told me in 1966 that it was possible that the editor, Albert Feldstein, decided to change the name on his own. SURE it's possible.

During the Congressional investigations of comic books in the 1953-54 period, Gaines was internationally quoted for a memorable remark in court. He was shown a Johnny Craig cover from Crime Suspense Stories showing a man holding a bloodied axe and the freshly severed head of a woman.



He was asked if that was in bad taste and he said no.

Asked what he would consider bad taste, Gaines said that it would be bad taste if the head were held higher so you could see the blood dripping from the neck.

Darvin, defunding the Code against my charge of putting EC out of business (we debated at the 1966 New York ComiCon), said Gaines should be grateful to the Comics Code Authority for forcing him out of comics and into such a successful magazine publishing business. That's like a murderer saying you should thank him for killing your parents and making it possible for you to inherit all their money.

Now, THAT is bad taste.



Jack Davis' rendering of the immortal Crypt-keeper

From out of the pulsating pages of the late, great EC horror comics comes a horrific movie... [also out of MT No. 4 a sorta almost reprint of an ECish article called...]

"TALES FROM THE CRYPT"

Yep, gosh! You remember all those great EC comics of the early 1950's (How could you possibly forget with all these great illus on every page.) that have been reprinted as paperbacks and even now in hard-cover book form (HORROR COMICS OF THE 1950's)! Well, now five of those great old tales of murder and mutilation and corpses rising from the grave and demon-haunted catacombs and obstacle courses of walls covered with sharp, new, glistening razor blades, and-all-like-that-there!... have been turned into a feature-length film, starring some biggies in both the horror and the "respectable" acting fields.



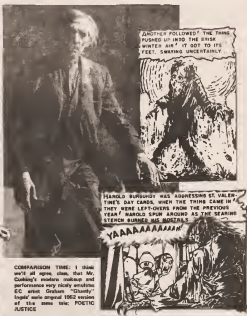
Sir Ralph Richardson in *The Crypt-keeper*.

Sir Ralph Richardson, of all the "respectable" people you'd least expect to see, plays the Crypt-keeper. Not so much the punting-punning black-humorist Crypt-keeper who obnoxiously enhanced the pages of the EC comic, but a somber, moody, satanic figure in a monk's robe, broodingly holding inquisition of souls as he sits before a huge

TALES FROM THE CRYPT



Peter Cushing as a risen corpse, seeking POETIC JUSTICE...

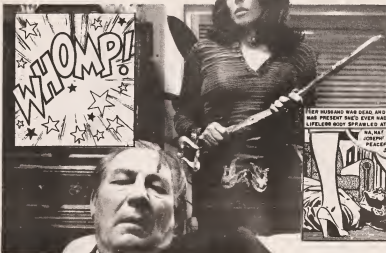


COMPARISON TIME: I think we'll all agree, then, that Mr. Cushing's moody makeup and performance very nicely emulate EC artist Graham "Dandy" Lloyd's early 1952 version of the same tale: POETIC JUSTICE

skull-shaped altar. But Sir Ralph isn't really so "respectable" — the first film he appeared in was a 1932 shocker, *THE GHOUL*.

The Crypt-keeper introduces the tales, by questioning each of the main participants in the stories. Then we flash-back to each character's particular doings (mainly evil), and we see how "the evil that men do" not only "lives

after them" but often even chases after them from the other side of the grave (or Crypt). And among the horrified living and vengeful undead hunters are "respectable" newcomers to horror Joan Collins (Mrs. Anthony Newley), Patrick Magee (currently making waves in *CLOCKWORK ORANGE* and *KING LEAR*), who puts in a remarkable performance as a blind



"Merry Christmas, Luv" disappointed Jean Collins to bully Martin Boddy's dead pan.

EC writer-artist Johnny Craig's "vicious" 1964 comic version of the AND ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE... was far tamer than in the 1972 film. No blood! "it" split brains were shown in the "evil" cover books. Just a healthy old WHOMP!

HER HUSBAND WAS DEAD, AND IT WAS THE BEST CHRISTMAS PRESENT SHE'S EVER HAD! SHE STOOD OVER THE LIFELESS BODY SPRAWLED AT HER FEET AND SMILED.

NA, NA! MERRY CHRISTMAS, JOSEPH! YOU'RE SLEEPING SO PEACEFULLY! DREAMING OF SANTA CLAUS?

man (one wonders if Mr. Mageo could do a bad acting job if he TRIED) and Richard Greene, who used to only buckie swashes in TV's ROBIN HOOD.

But even great old horror veteran Peter Cushing does a turn-around in roles. Instead of either the classic monster, leering mad doctor, or the stuffy vampire-stalking police inspector, he plays instead a sympathetic, aging and kind-hearted garbage collector who repairs thrown-away toys and gives them to young children. But you weren't ready for that! But rest assured, before his segment is over, he takes on a more horrifying demeanor, as his photo reveals.

TALES FROM THE CRYPT had a "World Screamer" on March 7th in New York City. The producers heartily advised all potential audiences to put themselves into a fine mood for the occasion by "Shrieking their way into the theater," and that "A scream will get them passes into the house." (ABC T.V. covered the corn-ball event, but the MT staff missed it all that night... seems there was a good horror flick on channel 2 that night).

But more news for old EC comic fans, the stories from TALES FROM THE CRYPT, which have already seen comic, and paperback-reprint form, have come to book form; a novelization treatment of the stories! So comic have evolved to prose. It's been shown in various studies (studies which weren't publicized until long after Senator Estes Kefauver and Frederick Wertham and the hypocritical Comics Code Authority had successfully ram-rodded the EC horror and science fiction comics out of business) that the ghouls and

GURNER LAUGHED TO HIMSELF AS HE STARTED OUT OF HIS CIRCULAR...

THE POOLEST I'VE CAREFUL... IF I TAKE MY TIME... I'LL NEVER HAVE TO TOUCH THE WALLS... JUST WALK SLOWLY. LIKE THIS CAREFUL.



A SOUND BEHIND GURNER FROZE HIS BLOOD! A SNAIL, AND A SQUEAK OF A BOOK OPENING.

GRUTUS! GRUTUS! GRUTUS! THEY'VE FREED HIM TOO!



GURNER BEGAN TO RUN. HE HAD TO REACH FREEDOM BEFORE THAT STAINED DON GABRIEL HIT THE BAN DOWN THE TWISTING NAZE CORRIDORS... THE SOUND OF THE LOPIING SPARKING BOB BEHIND HIM.

ON, LORD... LORD...



MORE COMPARISON TIME: Nigel Patrick's resemblance to the superintendent of the house for the blood in the BLIND ALLEY segment, and George Evans' original 1964 interpretation, drawn nearly two decades ago.

murderers and undead and bug-eyed-monsters in the EC stories actually encouraged kids back in the 1950's to develop their reading skills, and to discover the many fantastic universes of wonder and horror to be found in prose stories. It's really ironic that the very comic which certain government officials and rival publishing companies conspired against to put out of business, should have this double tribute, yes, honor! of both film and prose adaptation. Those who learned to appreciate prose, reading EC comic, can come full circle, reading EC prose.

The EC comic frequently ran stories of the dead having their final justice, a horrifying vengeance, often a return from the crypt or tomb or burial plot to have the last Ghastly laugh. And Bill Gaines and Al Feldstein (who now put out MAD) can revel in the final gloating glory... giggling all the way to the bank. For it seems that TALES FROM THE CRYPT will be a horrific hit.

Let's face it; no one's ever going to make a successful movie about the Comics Code Authority — let alone about the late Senator Estes Kefauver (who him?)



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THE OLD ABANDONED WAREHOUSE is here! Now you can order rare and hard-to-get books about monsters, comics, pulps, fantasy and assorted bewitching black sundries.

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ALTER EGO 10. A professionally done fanzine heavily oriented to articles. Covered are such subjects as GI Kane, Joe Kubert (and Tor), and Comic Conventions. Well chosen art and photos accompany the text. \$1.50



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SCREEN FACTS 23/24 (double issue). This is a prize for horror film fans. The entire issue (50 + pages) consists of magnificent full-page stills from Universal horror films. Look again at Karloff, Dwight Frye, Rondo Hatton, and many ghastly others. \$3.00



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Baldur, Hovl) in glorious Kirbycolor, on 11 x 17 posters. Good stock. \$3.00



FUJITAKE. A thin 16-page booklet (8 1/2 x 11) featuring the gothic black-and-white style of



Dennis Fujitake, an artist of the Jeff Jones-Berni Wrightson school. \$1.00



PORT OF PERIL by Otis Adelbert Kline. A hard-cover re-issue of a famous science-fiction novel focused on Vexes. Of special interest are the four illustrations by J. Allan St. John, one of the great masters of fantasy art. \$3.00



COMIX: A HISTORY OF COMIC BOOKS IN AMERICA. This is an attractive hard-cover book covering the comic book phenomenon up to today's undergrounds, a territory not

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DIG YOUR OWN GRAVE. Rob Macintyre is a Canadian artist who is young and very talented. His work is collected in a series of 21 full-page drawings done in a textured, dramatic, and stylized manner. Scaring portraits of Poe, McGeehan (the Prisoner), Jim Hendrix, Jim Morrison, and fantasy themes. \$2.50



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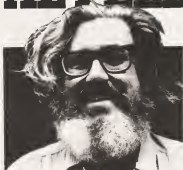
MAJOR EXCLUDED: _____ AGE: _____

and 1994). Individuals with a history of alcoholism are at a higher risk of relapse than those without a history of alcoholism (e.g., 1994).



You, almost the whole crowd of madmen are here . . . All these ghouls and goblins who put the E.C. Comics together, in this queer little drawing. The drawing was done by the guy in the boy-scout hat on the right . . . Jumper John Severin.

A MONSTER TIMES INTERVIEW WITH BILL GAINES & AL FELDSTEIN



WILLIAM H. GAINES ... "Publisher of the late great EC Horror Comics of the early fifties and who diagnosed as publisher of **NUD MAGAZINE**, fights a never ending battle for truth, justice and the American way." That's what the back-jacket of the hard-cover **E.C. Horror Comics book** says of the Marlon pictured above, and you know what? we agree!

comic line, (4) which he pioneered in the 1950's when he inherited a line of indistinguished comic books from his father, (5) M.G. Games, who is called the Johnny Appleseed of comics, for helping to found several different comic book companies.

Your MONSTER TIMES interviewer met Bill Gaines and Al Feldstain at the MAD magazine office up on Madison Avenue here in New York, New York. In he mumbled, tape recorder in hand, down a long hallway, lined with the original paintings for MAD magazine covers, each several times the size it appeared in print. At the end of the hallway, was the office of Mr. William M. Gaines.

Ya Gads! The first thing one notices as he enters what was intended to be a respectable office is KING KONG¹, sticking his snout at you through a window. Nope, gong, not a painting, but a paper-mache sculpture of the old giant ape himself, his mouth perpetually having fangs and dripping red needs as an eternal sport!

Your MT interviewer wanted to gloat on all the other goodies in Bill Gainer's office, like an oil painting by Graham "Gharthy" Ingersoll of the Old Witch, strolling thru a graveyard poking her way from one tombstone to another; and an oil painting of the Vault Keeper, by Johnny Craig.

Continued on page 18

TERROR



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NO. 38
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TALES FROM THE CRYPT

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FEATURING...



FEATURING



Special treat this issue, folks... this charming picture of marital bliss. Queen by doing Jade Davis, the original version of the happy couple was considered TDO heavy work for E.C. So it was redone, with-of the puppy part, and without. It isn't in grand what TMT can dig up? ... And isn't you kiddie?

THE MULTI-KEEPER



GAINES & FELDSTEIN

Continued from page 15

and another painting, by Al Feldstein, of astronauts exploring the moon, painted back in the mid 50's, the astronauts are crawling from one of the old finned-bullet rocket ships of Sci-Fi yore, not a space capsule. Yes, your MT interviewer wanted to gloat on all that there good stuff, as well as the dozens of MAD blimps strung from the ceiling, but Bill Gaines instead ushered your MT interviewer into Al Feldstein's office, which features more original paintings from MAD covers, Al Feldstein at his desk, and a picture-window view of smog-laden Madison Avenue.

There, the interview began, after your MT interviewer had set up the tape recorder, and jumped right in with the first question:

TMT: How did the horror comics start?

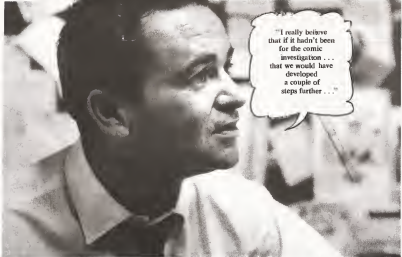
BILL: Al suggested putting two new features in two of our crime books, entitled *The Vault of Horror* and *The Crypt of Terror*. We did spooky type stories, suspense type stories, and after doing this for two issues, we switched the titles from CRIME PATROL and WAR AGAINST CRIME into *THE CRYPT OF TERROR* and *THE VAULT OF HORROR*. *THE CRYPT OF TERROR*, after three issues was changed to *TALES FROM THE CRYPT*.



This is a slightly light headed Johnny Cane drawing (notice he's a moment that looks strongly like big Bill Gaines).

AL: Yeah, and there was *BUD's* work as a publisher. In this case he'd been under the influence of his business managers. And Bill decided, I guess my problem was part of it, let somebody follow us for a change, because the way it worked, the readers in the field always stayed the books. When CRIME DOES NOT PAY came out, it was the leading, no matter what crime books came out following it. They weren't the only ones, but CRIME DOES NOT PAY was still making a lot of money. And we decided, let them follow us. So we sent off an ordering we had great faith in and started a new title. *BUD* put the money into it and then's step one in becoming a mature publisher.

BILL: I had a great feeling for the book, and having a feeling for the man, we did a better job. And



Al Feldstein, now the editor of the successful MAD MAGAZINE! We wonder what he's looking at so sorrowfully at... certainly not MAD's sales figures.

that's why our horror and our science fiction and our suspense was possibly the best stuff that was being done at the time, simply because we loved what we were doing. And Harvey Kurtzman came along and was doing war books—he loved what he was doing too, so they released that. The whole line became books that we wanted to publish. Fortunately they became books that someone wanted to buy.

AL: And the science fiction—big, ha—

BILL: Well, later on the science fiction wasn't selling and we were supporting it with the profits from the horror and suspense magazines. We loved it so much, we kept publishing it even at a loss. This was also true of Kurtzman's war books. After the Korean War was over, war books stopped selling, but we kept publishing for a while because they were so good.

TMT: What was the working session like? I've read in your book about brain planning, writing a complete story a day.

AL: That's right.

TMT: It must have been like a social reasoning going on, offering all the previous talent about and selling down and writing the stuff.

AL: What previous talent? Bill and I wrote all the stories except for the ones that Johnny Cane plotted with Bill.

TMT: I met previous talent!

AL: Oh, well, as far as the art talent is concerned that was something that developed in terms of developing each individual artist to do his individual style. Now this was something that hadn't been done much in the comic industry. There was imitation of styles. And books were made and really had no character. He encouraged each artist to develop his own style, actually wrote and tailored the stories based on the artist's ability and style. Graham always did the Old West and kind of gothic stuff. And a French, next to the Jack Kamen did the modern, triangle stories with a husband and wife living in the suburbs behind a picket fence, because his style lent himself to that.

BILL: I thought it was more than that. When we sat down to write a story, we were using the story for a particular artist. So one day we sat down to write a story I would say to Al: "Today we have a sweet page

story for Graham Angel to write." We would develop in that direction. And the same thing with Kamen, to take the two extremes. If we sat down to write a 7 page Kamen story, it had to be for Kamen. Therefore,



Here's a very early shot of the Ghastly one, Graham Horror we, how's by here? logic.

we thought along those lines automatically. Naturally, if we're selling the strong points of your story deliberately, right there, you're gonna start off with a big advantage.

AL: Yeah, but you know what you're selling here? The fact that this was a revolutionary kind of working in the comic book. I don't think anybody every worked this way.

BILL: Everything we talked made.

AL: Right, I don't think artists were encouraged to break out into their own style. When Jack Kamen worked into our office with his early style, we encouraged him to work in that style.

BILL: That was your doing. You encouraged him to work in that style, I had nothing to do with it.

AL: Okay, but the point is, that is why our books had a look about them. Each artist was working his own way. When Harvey Kurtzman worked in and we first started to use him in the crime and in the science fiction, we encouraged him to work in his style. And his style was unique in comics at that time. And Betty Krieger came along after we were doing things and he had a whole new revolutionary way of working. He was encouraged.

BILL: Up to a point—ha, ha, ha, ha.

AL: Well, yeah, but I think, I really believe, that if it hadn't been for the comic investigation, and if Bert Kravitz had started to work with us, that we would have developed the art a couple of steps further. It was apparent in some of the things that he was doing.

BILL: Oh, yes, don't misunderstand that. What I'm trying to say is Bert Kravitz went beyond what we had hoped that he would do.

AL: But the point is that we permitted it.

BILL: We didn't permit it, we didn't have much choice. He just did it. Bert had focused the issue.

AL: Yeah, but I acknowledge the talent.

BILL: You couldn't deny the talent Al, but had he actual permission to do what he did in "Master Race," I think I would have said "No." He didn't ask, he just did it. He chopped the whole golden story up, we encouraged a book together has own way.

B6 Note: "Master Race" can be seen in the S.C. HORROR LIBRARY featured in this issue.

HO, HO! YEP! THAT'S HOW IT BEGAN! JACK (HAPPY-BOY) KAMEN CAME TO WORK FOR E.C., TURNING OUT SWEET CHARMING LITTLE LOVE TALES ABOUT SWEET CHARMING PEOPLE IN SWEET CHARMING SITUATIONS! HIS STUFF WAS... THAT'S RIGHT... SWEET AN' CHARMING! THEN TRAGEDY STRUCK AT E.C....

Jack Kamen, an artist who drew great dames—but rotten horror, drew Gaines and Feldstein into a story parodying his style, it was really intended "Kamen's Kalamity," where Kamen turns into a werewolf, and even then he couldn't draw horror!





GILL-MAN GETS PENNED IN!

Dear Sir:

The Monster Times is really REALLY great! I have never seen anything like it. Keep up the fantastic work. Found we TMT needs no changing. Love it like it is.

I've followed your mag since No. 1, and it gets better every day. You guys must have a pretty big staff to cover all the in-depth reports you print. They're just great.

Because of your big article on THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK



LAGOON, I am enclosing a drawing I have done of the Gill-Man. Hope you can use it.

Best,
Ted Richichi

Dear Ted:

Yes, we can use... and ARE (like right here!) printing... your sketch. Glad to hear TMT inspires you. We sure dig getting art & pix from all our readers... keep sending those cards & creaturens in.

TWICE AS NICE?

Dear MT,

I very much enjoyed "Hot Prints Anyone?" by Gary Genesi in No. 7. Being an avid collector of posters, pressbooks, lobbies, etc., I'd like to see an article on this phase of fandom. My subscription has yet to reach No. 7, but on seeing it on the newsstand several days ago I picked it up without even thinking it'll be coming in the mail shortly. I plan now on buying two copies of every issue because who knows what kind of collector items they'll be in the future. Keep up the good work.

Best Wishes,
John Antoniewicz,
Perth Amboy, N.J.

Gee, John, you turn our poor little heads when that much praise. Don't stop, though, we kind of like it!

COMICS AS EDUCATION

Dear Editor,

I am writing to you to tell you how much I appreciated your response for my letter asking about the educational value of comics. Our side of the group which was for comics won by a landslide of the vote. (And to think that when I proposed we have the debate the class thought it childish.) Well here's how the debate went: Two groups consisting of three people each, those for and those against. Each group had to get information on the topic and prove its belief. The jury consisted of five classes (about 110 people). They were the first to speak, they thought they had as best! They came up with articles from books, quotes by psychiatrists and all that bunch, (and I'll bet those dudes never read The Monster Times.) I got mad, seeing how little some people think of comics! Then it was our turn and did our side put on a show! I started by surprising everybody by reading your letter, on each from Stan Lee, Caroline Infantino, Jack Kirby, and Sal Gentile. The auditorium was all kinds of quiet. Then we hit them with a presentation on the screen of my artwork and as I explained the ideas from each page, my friend and co-artist friend Joe Suzzell played the Three Ogs Night record "Family of Man" on a stereo set all through the intercom of the school! The jury was raring with enthusiasm! The principal of the school was there and he surprised us all by ordering all the English classes down to see the debate! All of this was made possible thanks to you and all your great staff, to whom I say Thank You.

Frank Alconzo,
Newark, New Jersey

We thank YOU, Frank for giving us the opportunity to defend comics in public. We have always felt that comic books are more than just an entertainment medium. As we mentioned to you in your letter, comics are used as reading aids all over the country. And, our coverage with EC comics uncovered the facts that back in the 1950's, EC had anti-drug, anti-racial-discrimination and anti-pollution stories before they became popular.

A LUGOSI LOVER

Dear Editor,

I have been reading your newspaper since it first came out, and so I thought that I would drop you this letter and let you know how much I enjoy it.

Your articles are great, and King Kong is the best yet!

I am a Oracula fan at heart and among those who hold the memory of Bela Lugosi very dear. I have many thoughts on the subject of Mr. Lugosi, but for now I just wish to say that, Lugosi was the Prince of evil, the likes of which we will never behold again. We all know that Boris Karloff was great, of this there is no question but let us also give credit where



credit is due and Bela Lugosi is long over due for it. Think for a moment, who would have happened if Lugosi had not turned down the role of Frankenstein monster? This man deserves the recognition he never got.

John R. Ouffee

While we agree that Lugosi was the greatest, how can you say he didn't get enough publicity? Lugosi as Dracula is a classic the world over.



This sketch came lumbering into our office one day last week on its own steam... no letter... just a name (J. Jacko), address (N.Y.C.), and an age (only 15). We dug the drawing enough to share it with all our readers.

THE BOOK OF UN-KNOWLEDGE!

Dear Monster Times,

I enjoy your newspaper very much. A few weeks ago my parents bought me the Encyclopedia Britannica.

The thing I dislike is that there is nothing about monsters. What can we do

David Rideman
New York City



about it? Please send in a letter to them and ask them why there is not a thing about monsters. Frankenstein, Superman and Godzilla are my favorites.

We don't know if Superman counts as a monster, but we think that if everyone wrote a letter to the company, we're sure that they'd put in some monsters for us. Even smart people like monsters!

MT: A FIERY ISSUE!

Dear Editor:

Let me be the first to shake your claw! "Monster Times" is the hottest thing on the newsstands. (I'm not kidding!) I took our fire department 1/2 hour to put out the stand in town!

So all seriousness, your mag/newspaper is a fresh new way to look at the monster scene. No more words were ever said when a letter writer in MT #4 stated: "Famous Monsters is all legends and Castle of Frankenstein has dropped in

quality sharply after No. 13 issue and gone downhill ever since." I, for one, am fed up with F.M. and C.O.F. Monster Times is a blazing horror, horror and fantasy lover. Long live Monster Times.

Reader Forever,
Tim Ferrante
Keyport, N.J.

Thank your Fire Department for us, Tim. And don't worry about FM and C.O.F. They're all hurred up about us already!

MT HITS THE TURNPIKE

Dear Editor:

This is to thank you for the fifty first issue. I picked it up in New Haven and on my return trip to school in Washington, it helped me avoid most of the New Jersey Turnpike. I had been waiting a long time for such a publication, but I never did believe one would ever materialize. It's given the Star Trek Society at A.U. quite a treat. (Actually, we refer to ourselves as the Intergalactic Ground Crew.)

Obviously, Star Trek did and still does mean many things to many different people. Fantasy, Science Fiction, Adventure. We can re-escape the past with westerns, mass-producers the present with the sitcom-comedy, but only in the future can we make credible our supposed human capacity for brotherhood. Had "Star Trek" shown only the great technological strides in which-ben goldistry, instead of coping with the human outcome of 200 years, I doubt it would have claimed such a following as it did. Or, shall I say, still does. Keep up the legacy.

Vicky Dann
Washington D.C.

Nice to hear from a female fan, Vicky! Glad to know we helped you 'round the bend. Live long and prosper!

Send us so many letters, pictures, books, selections, bomb threats, etc., that the Post Office will have to deliver our mail with a bulldozer. Address all correspondence to: "THE MONSTER TIMES, Box 355, Old Chelsea Station, N.Y. 10011"



I WANT YOU FOR THE EC CON!



"Vish, hah!... No gertr!
away from me, hahhah, it's YOU I
want! So come on down, to...
Hahah, hah... No, not that far
down. Just far enough to get you to
The Hotel McAlpin right smack dab
in the middle of Funder Fun City.
Breathe all that poisonous air
deeply, yong... you don't get
much of it out in these open
spaces! See yah!"

Comic conventions are fun for a while. After you've been to four or five, though, they begin to mesh into a mold of sameness, banality, if you will. At every convention you see the same people, the same professionals and the same items for sale. This is especially true in the big city areas where conventions flourish.

But, the **EC FAN ADDICT CONVENTION** (we hope) will be a welcome breath of fresh air. You've already read how great E.C. was and the convention will give you a chance to say hello and rap to the people who made it great. People who you normally don't see at conventions. People who, even after twenty years, still respect EC for what they are. The best comics ever produced!

Most of the creators will be there. Bill Gaines and Al Feldstein will be there. Many of the great artists (Krenkel, Williamson, Kurtzman, Elder, Wood and Kamen) will definitely be there. Many more are expected to attend. It's going to be a bash comic lovers haven't seen in years.

The convention is being held in New York City at the Hotel McAlpin, located at Broadway and 34th Street, from May 25th to May 29th. The convention planners are expecting a minimum of 1000 fan-addicts, with expected attendance reaching 2000. Price for admission is \$5 for all four days, or \$2 a day.

Now, to the best part, what you get for your hard-earned dollars: Saturday, there will be an **EC HORROR PANEL**, an **EC WAR PANEL**, an auction and screening of Harvey Kurtzman's old movies on the EC crowd.

Sunday offers an **EC SCIENCE**

FICTION PANEL and an Awards Presentation (in which all members of the convention are allowed to vote). Monday, the final day, is when the convention planners will spring a surprise **EC PANNEL** on us, and we won't even try and guess what will be going on there.

And, even if you hate EC comics

FRANKENSTEIN. And, the current-smash hit blood curdler, **TALES FROM THE CRYPT** will be shown three times (twice Saturday and once Sunday). Free of charge, no less!

Now aren't you glad you're going to the convention.

There are also other goodies that

locked vault) and probably will never be shown again. It may be your lone chance to see all the beautiful EC art in its original size.

And, for you limited-edition collectors, there will be a beautiful 92 page **EC CONVENTION BOOK**, which will be on sale for \$4 (perhaps a bit high... but take a peek anyway) at the convention. It's filled with interviews with the EC people, reprints of old EC stories, and, to ice the cake, an original Wally Wood cover drawn especially for the convention.

Now that we've told you what's going to happen at the convention, how can you possibly not attend. As usually there will be a large dealer area where anything and everything will be on sale. But we may inject a note of caution: EC comics will probably be very high so be careful. There will be dozens of items besides EC comics and fanzines, too!

And, if you still aren't convinced, we can only offer one other item. If EC doesn't enthrall you, art bores you, and horror flicks turn you off, then you can always come just to see the hard-working staff of **THE MONSTER TIMES**. We'll be the ones trying to date the three witches!

—JOE BRANKATELLI



MEMORIAL DAY WEEKEND

HOTEL MC ALPIN - NEW YORK CITY
MAY 26-29, 1972

Let us entertain you
at the first annual...

E.C. Fan-Addict Convention

(perish the thought) there is something for you. Classic old horror movies will be shown free at the convention. They include: **THE HORROR OF DRACULA**, **BUCKET OF BLOOD**, **DOCTOR X**, and **CURSE OF**

the convention folk will be serving up for you. By special arrangement with Bill Gaines, an entire room of the convention will be overflowing with E.C. original art. These classic drawings have NEVER been on display (Mr. Gaines keeps them in a

Thank to Mike Carbonell for the use of some of his EC's.

SEE THE BATTER COME TO THE PLATE SWINGING THE LEGS, THE ARMS, THEN STANDING IN THE BOX WAITING FOR THE PITCHER TO HURL THE HEAD IN IT! TORSO STRAPPED ON AS A CHEST-PROTECTOR, THE INFIDELS WITH THEM AND ALL THE OTHER PIECES OF EQUIPMENT THAT ONCE WAS CENTRAL CITY.

Jack Davis in "Fool Play" beat the movie version of this headless wonder. The headless release which arrives this fall is a DRINK YOUR BLOOD. (Judith MT will cover in a soon girl BLOOD series starting in MT 11). The Yarns could use some girl time days.

ERET!
IBER!
2, NOW!
LUICK-
JOL...

SOFT! WHEN I CUT...



"Ghettys" drew John Barrymore as he looked in the fish, OR, JERYLL AND RYL. MYOG. In the comic story "Mirror Me, Her's Bays, the Barrymore character is moved. Barrymore has a penchant for ill-mannered people... but with lots of etiquette (see MT 8 for the lowdown on the comic story).



Wally Wood copied this pose from Albert Dikler and Charlie Nelson on the evening, drinking OR. CYCLOPS, Wood's story was created "My World" and was a story typifying the "hope that springs eternal." (We're not so sure about the movie...)



This project took the "my look" theme as also a Yarnsman's only (they got some details, eh?). Johnny Craig painted the EC cover. You can all see how much more interested and hair-raising the cover (see Yarnsman 14).



Source as if both JJ Polanski and Sam Charters Jr. shared the same vision in the old days... and probably the same recent work. Inc. Lee played a mean phone as "THE PHANTOM," while his counterpart... well, he just played MEAN.



If the good Dr. only knew...

BY JOE BRANCATELLI

Funny how comics and movies play off each other. They may create people are hard to find. They're right! But there seems to be a multitude of creative copies (nothing new under the sun and all that there...)

So thanks to the vast MONSTER TIMES remnant stuff (3 old ladies), here are some very interesting comparisons between E.C. comics and movies (remembering that E.C. comics ruin your mind, pervert your desires and make you a juvenile delinquent... The movies are okay, though... especially the "X" jobs!)

page the Monster Times Teletype

... Prints news, reviews, presscuts, goss-flashes ferreted out by BILL FERET, Monsterdom's answer to Rona Barrett. Bill is in show-biz; a singer, dancer, actor and has many contacts in the domain of Entertainment; films, TV, live stage, and all like that. Where other monsterpubs get news to you months after a film's already been released, Bill Feret's TELETYPE lives up to its name, and reveals to you info of horror fix & cetera when they're still only in production. Impress friend and fiend alike with inside info on monster movies that haven't even been made yet! Gosharootie, gang!

Harry Farrell, who wrote "Baby Jane," has in the works "SHOCKING," a little horror gem concerning two sisters trying to do each other in. The lovely ladies may be found "lovely" they are! As Gardner and Lana Turner.

Dominio Darnell is set to film "THE TORTUREUR." This "pizza pie" stars the very lovely Florida Balkin.

There's to be a feature film presentation based on the long-running Australian series "HOMICIDE."

The legendary Liz Taylor is set to star in the celluloid version of the Broadway thriller "NIGHT WATCH." Laurence Harvey plays the heav. Joan Hackett essayed the heroine's role on the stage and received rave reviews.

Scheduled for filming in '73 is "GETTING RID OF MR. STRAKER." Roger Moore, Lee Remick, Orson Welles and Terry-Thomas are starring, with locations shooting in London.

"DADDY YOU KILLED ME," by playwright Nick Cassavino, is due for release soon.

Rising Spanish horror star Paul Naschy can't help but wonder where he's bound in this scene from one of his many recent fright flicks.



I don't know just who Paul Naschy is, but he's starting in... "THE CRIMES OF DR. PÉNOT," "DR. JEKYLL VS. THE WEREWOLF," and "THE HYENA."

All Spanish productions set for filming all over the world. Mr. Naschy's going to be very busy they've been calling him "The Spanish Christopher Lee."



My illusive notes concerning a film called "LADY FRANKENSTEIN" proved true after all... sort of... it's not doing much business in Dayton, Ohio. But there just how much business can one find in Dayton, Ohio?

The 1973 LUNACON, the largest general science-fiction convention on the East Coast, will be held April 20 - 22 next year. For information on this important lun function, contact: Al Schauer, P.O. Box 36, New York, N.Y., 10011. (With Al does it, we hope it will be better than this year's!)

Stella Stevens and Jim Brown are co-starring in AAP's new production called "SLAUGHTER."

Just winding up shooting on "SUPER INVISIBLE MAN," Star Jean Jones will essay the role of "BARON VON MUNCHAUSSON,"... if they can find him!

French film actor, Jean Louis Trintignant, who is currently starring in the who-dun-it murder mystery "WITHOUT APPARENT MOTIVE" is slated to star in a new film, "ONE FINE DAY." The new flick deals with the son of a butcher who revenges his father's death by killing the nine men who sentenced him to die. (Ah, but who will clean up the mess... murder?) (The more the bury-er!)

"MAN FOR ALL SEASONS" director, Fred Zinneman will direct Universal's "DAY OF THE JACKAL."

Also Robert Altman (MASH, BREWSTER McCLOUD) will be directing "IMAGES." This macabre entry stars Savannah York and the bird-professor from BREWSTER McCLOUD, Rene Auberjonois.



All existing prints of the classic Fay Wray film of 1933, "THE MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM," were thought to have been lost or destroyed, until the American Film Institute in Washington discovered one, just one print of the rare two-color Technicolor film in excellent condition. This was the film upon which "HOUSE OF WAX" was based.

Michael Greer, late of "FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES," has the starring role in a new Gothic thriller titled "THE NIGHT OF THE BLOOD MOON."

Filming starts next fall on "FIFTY-FIFTY" with an original screenplay by Eric Roth. It's half horror and half terror.

Pittsburgh based (Pittsburgh?) film company Latent Image, Inc., who last gave us "NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD," have completed production on a thriller titled "JACK'S WIFE" and are starting production on "THE CRAZIES," concerning bacteriological warfare. Surprised they didn't call it "NIGHT OF THE KILLING BUG?"



If you've ever wanted to be a butcher, this is the one to be. Richard Burton will be playing the role of "BLUEBARD." He'll be eliminating such lovely lovelies as Rachel Welch (That'll take some doing), Verna Lee, Nathalie Delon, Marilyn Tolo, and Joey Heathcote. If his beard is blue, it's probably because he's carry.

United Artists will brisely for release in June "EYES, EYE." Pic will hint in Minutes in color. Female lead is none other than the very beautiful Antoinette Bower who you may remember as the witchy sorceress in the STAR TREK episode called "CATSPAW." Aubrey Scherck is Producer. Mr. Scherck will then go into production on "DAUGHTERS OF SATAN," which will be a witchcraftian opus.

CON-CALENDAR



DATE	CONVENTION	LOCATION	PRICE	FEATURES
May 26-29 FRI, SAT, SUN & MON	E.C. FAN-ADDOCT CONVENTION 2623 Silver Court East Meadow, N.Y. 11554	HOTEL McALPIN Broadway & 34th Street New York City	Various Prices Write Con. For More Information	THE GREATEST HORROR COMIX OF ALL TIME
JUNE 11	THE SECOND SUNDAY PHIL ZEULING 2883 W. 12 B'KLYN, N.Y. 11224	STATLER-HILTON 33rd St & 7th Ave. NEW YORK CITY	\$1.00 (10 A.M. to 4 P.M.)	COMIX BOOK DEALERS & COLLECTORS No Special Guests
JUNE 9-11 FRI, SAT, SUN.	PULP-CON ED. WEISSEL BOX 15692, OVERLAND BRANCH ST. LOUIS, MO. 63114	COLDEN HOTEL 7730 ROM HOMER Clayton, Mo.	\$2-Spn. \$4-Adm. \$6-At Door	PULPS & AUTHORS Philip Jose Farmer Edmond Hamilton & others.
JULY 15 SAT. THRU WED.	NEW YORK COMICON PHIL ZEULING 2883 W. 12 B'KLYN, N.Y. 11224	STATLER-HILTON 23rd St & 7th Ave. NEW YORK CITY	Info. Not Available Write Con.	New Comic Book and Comic Strip Artists, and THOUSANDS OF Free Lites Yourself for 5 DAYS!

The CON-CALENDAR is a special exclusive feature of THE MONSTER TIMES. Across this great land of ours are quaint and curious gatherings of exotically curious zealots. The gatherings called "conventions" draw the nation, called "fans," deserves the attention of free and non-free alike, hence this trail-blazing reader-service.

To those readers who've never been to one of these fan-brained affairs, we recommend it.

Detractors of such events put down by saying that they're just a bunch of cartoonists and science fiction writers and comic book peddlers talking, and signing autographs for fans who, like maniacs, spend sums on out-of-date comics, science fiction pulp, and monster movie stubs. But that's just the reason for going. If you want a couple of glossy pictures of Dracula or King Kong, or a 1943 copy of Airboy Comics (God alone knows why)

or if you wish to see classic horror and science fiction films, or meet the stars of old time movie serials, or today's top comic book artist and writers—or if you just want to meet other monster or science fiction freaks, like yourself, and learn yours not alone in the world, OR if you want to meet the affable demented lunatics who bring out THE MONSTER TIMES, go ahead and visit one of these conventions. We dare ya!



"THE ETRUSCAN KILLS AGAIN" (when was he here before?) stars Alex Cord, Samantha Egger and John (LOVE STORY's Daddy) Marley. It's double billed with "BLOODY BUTTERFLY." (Can't be very colorful.) Now about "GODZILLA SINGS?" Well, no, not really, let me further explain lest you have a sudden burst of euphoric expectation, Toho Studios, home of such

oriental monsters as Godzilla, Rodan, Mothra, etc., will be filled with the strains from the score of the new cinema musical, "MARCO." It will surely be a borderline fantasy film with Toho in top form with its miniature masterpieces and super special effects. Zero Mostel will ably portray the Great Kubie Kahn and Desi Arnaz, Jr. will essay the role of Mr. Polo, inventor of the short-sleeve shirt.

Watch for Peter Brooks celluloid version of his stage triumph, "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM." Columbia will lend this Shakespearean piece and has also obtained the rights to a contemporary version of "LILJOM," which served as the basis for the cataclysmic musical fantasy "CAROUSEL."

Federico Fellini may be filming "THE VOYAGE OF MASTORNA," a fantasy about death and resurrection. He plans to be his final autobiographical film.

Conventions are getting longer and more exciting this year. THE DETROIT TRIPLE FAN FAIR & STAR TREK CON. will be on October 19 - 22 this year. Held at the Detroit Hilton and Towers, one of the fanciest hotels in the city, it will be a combined treat this year. For comics fans, the quest of honor will be Ned Adams (Jim Starwreck) may also be on hand. And, for sci-fi and film fans everywhere, extra special fanfare is in store - guest will be Gene Roddenberry (and possibly Mrs. Roddenberry, the former Miss... Nova Chapel... Beverly). A festive five program, including a great many Star Trek episodes, and a \$100 prize for the best masquerade costume, promises to make this an exceptional Con. Write to D.T.F.P., Dept. 1, 14545, Azura, Allen Park, Mich. 48101 for more info.



Since no one we know reads THE NEW YORK POST, we thought you might like to see this item that appeared on it's front page, on Tuesday, April 25, 1972. Is this what we traded two muck oz for? We think President Nixon should go back and demand at least two ping pong players.



Complain! Complain! That's all she ever does.
If it weren't for her looks, I'd leave her in a minute...

MOVIE POSTERS

PRESSBOOKS • STILLS • PROGRAMS
Actual Posters Used By Theaters
Thousands of Titles Available
CATALOG \$1.05 (Refunded with order)
The Cinema Attic • Department L
P.O. Box 7772 • Phila., Pa. 19101

Comic books, fanzines, stills, posters, Big-Little books, dealers, collectors and The Monster Times folk! Every "SECOND SUNDAY" at the Steiner-Hilton, 33rd St. & 7th Ave. N.Y.C. 10AM to 4PM. Admission \$1.00

SCIENCE FICTION, FANTASY AND HORROR

Reference Guide to Fantastic Film.

20,000 Listings; 50 Countries; 75 Years; Extensive Information; Thorough Cross-References. For a content sample send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Walt Lee, P.O. Box 62273, Los Angeles, CA 90068.

WANTED! WANTED! WANTED!

WANTED—Old radio and comic premiums, to expand our museum of relics, trivia and the lore of 20th Century pop-art. Things like the BUCK ROGERS PISTOL, or a CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT DECODER RING... and all the rest of the stuff. These things have a place

in our history, and we have a place for them on our shelves. Please send description and condition of items, plus the price you're asking, to TMTM, (THE MONSTER TIMES MUSEUM), P.O. Box 695, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y., 10011.



Two panels from BADTIME STORIES, by Berni Wrightson.

Badtime Stories

Baueful Berni Wrightson's brought out a bashing brilliant book; BADTIME STORIES. Regular readers of THE MONSTER TIMES know wrenching Wrightson from his immortal color poster of Boris Karloff's FRANKENSTEIN in the centerfold of MT No. 1, and your bottom dollar can be bet that you'll be seeing more of his morbid phantasmagorically creepish, circusful of ghouls and goblins, freaks and fiends, and doomish demons in future issues of this wonderful monster newspaper.

But in the meanness of whites, though, you can have a 48 page, permanently-bound slick-paper softcover creepish classic of six soul-annihilating solo stories of mystery and macabre. Berni's weirdly-wrought, wright-on BADTIME STORIES. We reviewed them in MONSTER TIMES NO. 6, received so much mail, that we bought a stock of them for you to order from us.

BADTIME STORIES is all

Wright, son! Monster-sized (8 1/2" x 11"), and monster-oriented, with color paintings on the front and back covers, and spine-chilling black and white artwork inside, it's a steal at the measly \$5.00 per copy we're asking. (Though we won't tell you who's stealing from whom!)

So fill out the coupon below, and send it into THE MONSTER TIMES folk. Would we ever steer you wrong?

Wright-on! Wrightson's writhing, weird workmanship whets my wish-erect for his wee-gone world! Rush _____ copies of BADTIME STORIES at \$5.00 per copy plus 50¢ postage & handling (\$5.50 total) to:
THE MONSTER TIMES
BOX 595
New York, N.Y. 10011
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____



THE EC FAMILY TREE

COMPILED BY
Don and Maggie
Thompson

EC comics are murder on a collector. They changed titles, numbers, and classifications as often as you change channels on a television set. It was almost a game; which comics could have more changes in one year?

Simply, EC ran a line of comics called **OLD TREND**. They ran from 1946 until 1950. Then EC introduced their famed **NEW TREND** which is what this issue has changed their titles from **OLD TREND** comics, keeping the same numbering. Then when the new **TREND** was a success, they changed their numbering, so some **NEW TREND** titles have more than one issue with the same number.

When the **NEW TREND** died, the **NEW DIRECTION** comics appeared, they were all new titles, with new numberings. For once EC



thought of the collector.

Fat and Slat (Sum 47-Spr. 48) became

Gunfighter 5-14 (Sum 48-Mar/Apr. 50) which became

*The Heart of Fear 15-17 (May/Jun - 50-Sep/Oct 50) which split in two as

*Two-Fisted Tales 18-41 (Nov/Dec 50-Feb/Mar 55) and

*The Hunt of Fear 4-28 (Nov/Dec 50-Nov/Dec 54)

The Happy Hooligans 1-2 (Fal 47-Win 47/48) became

Saddle Justice 3-8 (Apr 48-Sep/Oct 48) which became

Saddle Romance 9-11 (Nov/Dec 48-Mar/Apr 50) which became

*Weird Science 12-15 (May/Jun 50-Jan/Feb 51) which changed its numbering

*Weird Science 5-22 (Jan/Feb 51-Nov/Dec 53)

Moon Girl and the Prince 1 (Fal 47) became

Moon Girl 2-6 (Win 47/48-Mar/Apr 49) which became

Moon Girl Fights Crime 7-8 (May/Jun 49-Sum 49) which then became

A Moon... A Girl... Romance 9-12 (Sep/Oct 49-Mar/Apr 50) which then became

great science-fiction writer Ray Bradbury. Unfortunately, all copies are out of print!

Issues of these paperbacks now cost about \$2 from comic dealers. Also, in conjunction with the movie, a new

TALES FROM THE CRYPT has been published. It's 75¢ and written by comic-book hack Jack Chick from the screenplay of the movie.

THE EC FAN ADDICT KIT - One of the most unique and bizarre items ever to come from the EC fan is a reprint of the **FAN-ADDICT KIT**. The **EC FAN ADDICT CLUB** was started back in 1953 by Al Feldstein and William Gaines. It offered a semi-regular bulletin direct from the editors, and often let the member be in on scraps such as the death of EC, and the start of it's new line. The price of the kit, however, was the membership certificate, which was done in full color by Jack Davis. It was a beautiful piece of art, and is still treasured. Also included in the kit was an **EC FAN ADDICT** membership card, which entailed the holder to avail themselves of the privilege of buying EC comics at the regular newsstand price (what more could you ask for in a club?). Also, there was a fan adduct material patch, and paper decal. It was reprinted last year at \$2 and is virtually impossible to find this year.

EC REPRINTS - Reprinting of EC comics is a flourishing business. The best of the lot is a \$10, manrooth folder called **EC PORTFOLIO ONE**. It reprints four EC stories and a cover. All stories are short from originals, and are left in the

large (10" by 13") size. For you art fans, check out the story called "Food For Thought". Replete with monsters of the greek variety, it boasts what many

will another portfolio of EC stories out in time for the EC convention. This one will cost \$15 and will have a color cover by the incomparable Frank Frazetta. Also

will get you a **CRIME**. Some of these, however, run as high as \$15 for issues containing art by Williamson and Frazetta.

In the science-fiction issues, the prices run high. The two original titles, **WEIRD SCIENCE** and **WEIRD FANTASY** have issues that command prices as high as \$35. The average issue will cost you about \$15, with some of the very early **WEIRD SCIENCE** stories costing \$25.

When the two titles were merged in 1954 to become **WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY** the prices did not change significantly. An average issue will cost about \$12.

When EC made it's last gap, it introduced **INCREDIBLE**

*Weird Fantasy 13-16 (May/Jun 50-Mar/Apr 51) which changed its numbering

*Weird Fantasy 7-22 (May/Jun 51-Nov/Dec 53) which then continued with Weird Science to become

*Weird Science Fantasy 23-29 (Mar 54-May/Jun 55) which became

*Incredible Science Fiction 30-33 (Jul/Aug 55-Jan/Feb 56)

International Comics 1-5 (Apr 57-Dec 47) became

International Crime Patrol (Spr 48) #6 which became

Crime Patrol 7-16 (Sum 48-Mar/Apr 50) which then became

TALES DESIGNED TO CARRY AN IMPACT

THE CRYPT

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OLD TREND: Animal Fables 1-6 (Jul/Aug 46-Sep/Oct 47)

Animated Comics 1 (Spr 48)

Blackstone the Magician Detective Fights Crime 1 (Fal 47)

Dandy Comics 1-7 (Apr 47-Sep 48)

Land of the Lost 1-4 (Jul/Aug 46-Spr 48)

Modern Love 1-8 (Jan/Jun 49-May/Sep 50)

Tiny Tot Comics 1-10 (1946-Nov/Dec 47)

NEW TREND: Crime SuperStories 1-27 (Oct/Nov 50-Feb/Mar 55)

Frontline Combat 1-15 (Jul/Aug 51-Jan 54)

Mad (comic) 1-23 (Oct/Nov 52-May 55)

Panic 1-12 (Feb/Mar 54-Dec 55/Jan 56)

Piracy 1-7 (Oct/Nov 54-Dec/Nov 55)

Shock SuperStories 1-18 (Feb/Mar 52-Dec 54/Jan 55)

*New Trend Comics which were originally Old Trend Comics

*The Crypt of Terror 17-19 (May/Jun 50-Aug/Sep 50) which then became

*Tales from the Crypt 20-46 (Oct/Nov 50-Feb/Mar 55)

War Against Crime 1-11 (Apr 48-Feb/Mar 50) which then became

*The Vault of Horror 12-40 (Apr/May 50-Dec 54/Jan 55)



THE EC CHECK LIST

COMPILED BY
JOE BRANCATELLI

Like any collector, an EC fan is a real He's crazy in a lovable way. For years now, the EC fan has been writing about the late lamented EC line, reprinting stories from the comics, and in their crowning achievement, will hold the first **EC FAN ADDICT CONVENTION** in New York in May. For the benefit of the **MONSTER TIMES** reader, here's a little list of some EC products above and beyond the EC comic books:

PAPERBACKS - The Ballantine Book Company introduced a series of paperbacks which reprinted many of the classic EC stories. When the series was initiated in 1965, the price was 75¢ per copy, and the publishers planned many volumes. But, to the everlasting dismay of EC fans, only one of such title was printed. The prices were **TALES FROM THE INCREDIBLE**, **TALES FROM THE CRYPT**, **THE AUTUMN PEOPLE**, and **VAULT OF HORROR**. In **TALES FROM THE INCREDIBLE**, the famed EC ace discrimination story "Judgement Day" was reprinted in it's entirety. **THE AUTUMN PEOPLE** is unique; it reprinted all the stories that EC adapted from the

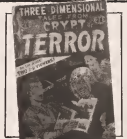


THE EC PRICE LIST

COMPILED BY
JOE BRANCATELLI

Unless you've a small fortune accumulated under your pillow, you're not likely to be able to purchase many of the classic old EC comic books. In comparison to a few years ago when the price of an EC was about a buck, EC's today rarely go for less than \$5 a copy.

An average copy of **TALES FROM**



THE CRYPT will cost about \$7 in mint condition. The issue which tells the origin of the Crypt Keeper will run about \$10, and some really early issues may run as high as \$20. Copies of the **VAULT OF HORROR** are much more expensive. An average issue will run about \$11, but any of the first four issues will cost at least \$20, and as high as \$35. Copies of an average issue of **HAUNT OF FEAR** will run about \$8, with the very early issues about \$12 to \$30.

CRIME SUSPENSESTORIES and **SHOCK SUSPENSESTORIES** have a wide variety of prices. \$5 will get you an average issue of **SHOCK**, while about \$6

will get you a **CRIME**. Some of these, however, run as high as \$15 for issues containing art by Williamson and Frazetta.

In the science-fiction issues, the prices run high. The two original titles, **WEIRD SCIENCE** and **WEIRD FANTASY** have issues that command prices as high as \$35. The average issue will cost you about \$15, with some of the very early **WEIRD SCIENCE** stories costing \$25.

When the two titles were merged in 1954 to become **WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY** the prices did not change significantly. An average issue will cost about \$12.

When EC made it's last gap, it introduced **INCREDIBLE**

also is selling prints of an EC cover, hand colored by Mr. Frazetta for \$150. It's only for collectors, and mobsters looking for places to hide their money from Internal Revenue.

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Picture Stories from the Bible saw four issues in the Old Testament series and a complete Old Testament Edition, plus two New Testament issues and a Life of Christ edition from DC before M.C. Gaines left to form his own outfit. EC published two Old Testament reprints, a third New Testament issue, a reprint New Testament edition (#3) and a Complete New Testament Edition.

From here on, it's less complicated. Other EC publications were:

PICTURE STORIES: From American History 14 (1945-47)

Other reprints of EC stories were done by G.B. Lowe, Alan Light and Bob Brooch. If you can't afford \$10 you might check out Mr. Light's book, which is devoted to Wally Wood's work on the science-fiction comic. While the stories are printed smaller than Russ's version, Light picks three of Wood's most masterful stories. You can pick up this version for only a buck from RRI, Box 2597, East Moline, Illinois.

EC FAN PUBLISHED MAGAZINES -- For as long as EC comics have been around, EC fans have published their own magazines devoted solely to EC comics. They started publishing them on a very small scale back in the early fifties, and they've been proliferating ever since. Some of the earliest were entitled POTRIZERIE, EC FAN JOURNAL, EC SLIME SHEET and EC SCODOP. They were very small things, and not very professional, but they were done by fans who loved EC and what EC stood for. Archie Goodwin, one of today's best comic book writers, published one.

When comic book collecting became popular in the 1960's one of the first comic books to be talked about was the EC line. Two of the best new EC fan-magazines were SOUJA TRONT and SPA FON.

The best single fanzine devoted to EC was the 4th and final issue of SOUJA TRONT. It cost \$5, but it was worth every single penny of it. Attempts to describe the love and work that must have went into its production would fall

From Science 1-2 (Apr-Fal 47)
From World History (Sep-Fal 47)

ANNUALS: Tales of Terror 1-3 (1951-1953)
Two-Fisted Annual 1-2 (1952-1953)
World Science-Fantasy 1-2 (1952-1953)

3-D COMICS: Three-Dimensional Tales Class 1 (Spr 54)
Three-Dimensional Tales from the Crypt of Terror 2 (Spr 54)

NEW DIRECTIONS: Aces High 1-5 (Mar/Apr 55-Nov/Dec 55)
Extra 1-5 (Mar/Apr 55-Nov/Dec 55)
Impact 1-5 (Mar/Apr 55-Nov/Dec 55)
M.O. 1-5 (Apr/May 55-Dec 55/Jun 56)
Psychoanalysis 1-4 (Mar/Apr 55-Sep/Oct 55)
Valor 1-5 (Mar/Apr 55-Nov/Dec 55)

PICTO-FICTION: Confessions Illustrated 1-2 (Jan/Feb 56-Apr 56)
Crime Illustrated 1-2 (Nov/Dec 55-Apr 56)
Shock Illustrated 1-3 (Sep/Oct 55-Apr 56)
Terror Illustrated 1-2 (Nov/Dec 55-Apr 56)

MAD (magazine 24; Jul 55 -- still published)

miservably short. The editor, Jerry Weiss, produced a magazine that was unequalled for its graphic excellence. It had four full-color covers. Not two, like a normal magazine but four. Illustrated not only the EC fan, but would also satisfy the monster fan. It's replete with monsters, horror and all the fun stuff MONSTER TIMES people love. It is still available for \$5 from Jerry Weiss, 1849 So. 127th Street, East Wichita, Kansas, 67202.

SPA FON's best issue was #5, but it was three years ago it makes a tremendous value at two dollars. Interviews with Bill Gaines, Frank Francisco and Johnny Galt. Plus tons of great art. Artwork of monsters, nudes, spacemen, everything you would associate with the great EC comics.

POSTERS -- Everyone loves gory posters, right? Right! And the folks at Graphic Masters have come up with just that. At \$2.50 a piece, these posters are the height of horror. They are 22" by 28", in full color. They are the uncensored versions of covers for EC comics. These are perfect for all the MONSTER TIMES readers who love horror and blood and gore and all that fun stuff. Order them from the Monster Times, Box 555, Old Chatham Station, N.Y., NY, 10071.

The prolific rate at which EC material is being produced prohibits anyone from producing a complete list of EC products, but we at MONSTER TIMES feel that we have let you know about the best ones, and if you can pick them up, you should. No fan should be without them.

HIGH and PSYCHOANALYSIS. While they are good comics, they are not in high demand. Consequently, an average issue of any one of these will cost about \$3, with VALOR about \$5.

The EC three dimensional comics will cost about \$7, but these are rarely seen.

And, while you follow these comics' prices, keep in mind, that the prices quoted are only estimates and you may find issues higher (that's the break!), or lower (lucky kid!), and they are quotes for MINT condition. Lesser quality condition comics can be purchased for roughly 50% of the quoted prices. But don't bet on it!



Continued from page 6

Kamen, Kurtzman, Severin, Krenkel, Elder, Torres, Krigein, Wood and the others. One only hopes that the accompanying illustrations do more justice than mere words. The artistic genius of these men cannot be described in words. You have to look for yourself.

Mechanically, the book is a deft production of Nostalgia Press. The dustjacket is a reproduction of an old EC cover by Al Feldstein, and inside over 200 pages of the great art of EC is presented. The process for color reproduction was not the conventional four-color process used by comics, but the regular process used for books. The EC comics deserved it. Joe Orlando illustrated continuity pages of the books, and while they lack the creativity that made EC what it

was that the covers that were reproduced with the story were not done in color. But for only twenty dollars, this is a book no horror comic fan can afford to miss.

EC died as the result of a strange witch-hunt, one stranger than was ever presented in E.C.'s own pages. When the remaining EC horror comics were cancelled in 1954, Gaines and Feldstein wrote this in their editorial:

"You may never read this magazine. For that matter, this magazine may never be printed. If it is printed, it may never be distributed. If it is distributed, it may be kept in a bundle behind the counter and will never see the light of day. But, if through some miracle, it does reach the newstand, this will probably be the last issue of this magazine you will ever read."

Bill Gaines was wrong. EC books are still being read, still being admired. The second generation fans have already fared through the comic conventions looking for EC comics. The third generation of EC fans will soon be upon us,

IN MEMORIAM

TALES FROM THE CRYPT:	Born January 1950	Died November 1954
THE VALLEY OF HORROR:	Born February 1950	Died October 1954
THE HAUNT OF FEAR:	Born February 1950	Died October 1954
CRIME SUSPENSESTORIES:	Born August 1950	Died October 1954
SHOCK SUSPENSESTORIES:	Born December 1951	Died September 1954

You may never read this magazine. For that matter, this magazine may never be printed. If it is printed, it may never be distributed. If it is distributed, it may be kept in a bundle behind the counter and never see the light of day. But if, through some miracle, it does reach the newstand, this will probably be the last issue of this magazine you will ever read.

As a result of the hysterical, uneducated, and unfounded charges leveled at crime and horror comics, many readers and wholesalers throughout the country have been intimidated into refusing to handle this type of magazine.

Although we at E.C. still believe, as we have in the past, that the charges against horror and crime comics are unfounded, there's no point in going into a defense of this kind of literature at the present time. Economically our situation is acute. Magazines that do not get out onto the newstands do not sell. We are forced to capitulate. We give up. WEVE HAD IT!

Newspapers, with comic magazine censorship now a fact, we at E.C. look forward to an immediate drop in the crime and juvenile delinquency rate of the United States. We must there will be fewer burglaries, fewer murders, and fewer rapes!

We would like to say in passing -- putting aside, that if... that if you have enjoyed reading E.C.'s horror and crime efforts over the past five years half as much as we have truly enjoyed creating them for you, then our labors of love have not been in vain.

But enough! That is not only an obituary notice, it is also a birth announcement!

BOY... WHAT WE GOT IN STORE FOR YOU! (You didn't think E.C. was gonna die with the books, did ya? We got more we ain't even used yet!)

E.C. is planning the NEW NEW TREND. In January of 1955, we hit it in fact, we hit with five (5) seasonal new titles. They won't be horror magazines... they won't be crime magazines! They'll be sunny new and different--but as the old reliable E.C. tradition! Naturally, we can't tell you they'll be BETTER... we can feel the hot breath of our founding competitors who followed as true horror on our heels. When the signs are ready to go, they'll be announced in MAO, PANIC, WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY, FRACZY, and TWO-FISTED TALES!

We feel it's gonna be a HAPPY NEW YEAR with our NEW NEW TREND!
Your grateful editors

END OF AN ERA! This announcement, included in the last issue of the E.C. horror and crime books, summarized the feelings of publisher Bill Gaines. A month ago to all E.C. readers, this little letter is so sad and it makes the printer's ink slide down our cheeks.

was, it was nice to see the Old Witches again. One story, Angelo Torres' AN EYE FOR AN EYE, had never been previously printed. There is a forward by long-time fan of E.C. Bob Stewart (who works for our competition, CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN) and there is an "Appreciation" by Larry Stark, who, when he was a younger reading EC comics, was a profuse letter-writer, and probably holds the record for most appearances in the E.C. letter column. If there was one complaint with the book, it

and THE EC HORROR LIBRARY OF THE 1950's will serve as the record, perhaps the justification of E.C.'s existence.

Edna Kefauver is dead, and Doctor Wertham has recently concentrated on violence in movies and television, which has always been more violent than comic books. E.C. has outlasted them all, and if it hadn't, it would have been a terrible mistake in the comic order. Yes, E.C. HAS outlasted them all, and in many ways, it's a kind of justice.

SCIENCE-FICTION. An average issue is about \$8. An issue of PIRACY... \$5.

EC's war line has a fairly steady price. Featuring art by the great Harvey Kurtzman, early issues of FRONTLINE COMBAT and TWO-FISTED TALES run between \$25 and \$36. An average issue will cost about \$10.

MAD Magazine was once a comic. The first 23 issues are in that format. The early issues go from \$15 to \$30, while an average issue will cost you about \$10 to \$15 a piece. PANIC will run about \$4.

When EC introduced it's New Direction in 1955, the line consisted of IMPACT, MD, EXTRA, VALOR, ACES

E.C. PORTFOLIO ONE (© 1977 William M. Cizman)

If we were product-testing something in this issue of
The Monster Times, we'd pick this portfolio and give it an "A!"

ENTERTAINING COMICS PORTFOLIO ONE

BY JOE ALLAN

I don't remember exactly how many years ago it was, but it must have been 13 or 14 at least. I was trying to sneak out of the house to play some tell at the time, but my mom was determined that I get a haircut (most kids in the 50's were haunted by the ever-present Coors of the Creepy Crews) instead. With the money in my pocket, my mother opened the front door and pointed impudently in the direction of Louie's Barber Shop. I had little choice but to go... so I went.

When I got to old Louie's, I found someone sitting in the lofty barber's chair about me, so Louie turned around, looked me a hello, and pointed to the old, peeling, silver-plated radiator, which I could always count on to be piled a mile high with ragged, beat-up comic books, relics in their own time. Louie always had a fresh batch of old comics on hand, so I never had to worry about finding the same ones each time I went there. I had already read the latest Superman and Batman, and I had no love for the true-crime types, so I skipped through until I reached some better stuff instead.

The first one I got my hands on was about some guy who had a wife who was always nagging him, who always had her claws knuckled-deep in the poor guy's back. So one day he comes home, asks her politely to lay off, but she keeps on talking and nagging him, so he promptly kills her... cuts off her head, to be exact, and then casually goes bowling with it! Hmmm... I looked up and saw that the guy ahead of me was still in the chair so I kept on reading, greedy for more goes — and I wasn't disappointed. The next one was about a burglar who sneaks through this big door, only to find that it leads straightaway into a furnace, which literally burns him up. Those were the first horror comics I ever read, but after that I wasn't nearly as reluctant about visiting Louie as I had been.

Quinty art from the classic "Honor Mail House's Bayou" seen in MAINT OF FEAR #17.



before—I knew he would have a new stash of light comics waiting for me.

But, like most things, the horror comics, and the science fiction books, passed into oblivion. There were a lot of them in those days, but I remember that some of them stood out stronger than the rest, and they stayed in my memory in bold, gruesome colors. All the ones that were better had one distinguishing mark in common—all had a small circle surrounding the initials "E.C." near the top of the cover.

So, from that time on, I made sure to look for the ones marked "E.C." and, to make doubly sure, made it a point to memorize the titles, which was the easiest part, since titles like THE VAULT OF HORROR, INCREDIBLE SCIENCE-FICTION, and TALES FROM THE CRYPT were easier to remember than to forget.

In those days you could buy them, find them, and swap them with no trouble at all. It's only now, years later, that we realize the error of our ways, the way we treated those comics—tearing the pages, smearing them with our sticky fingers, throwing them away. Love and luck, into a practical, money-making endeavor, things really started happening for Russ—and for all E.C. fans.



Adapted from a Ray Bradbury short-story, Johnny Cray's "Trash and Go" first saw print in CRIME SUSPENSESTORIES #17, in '53.

Although no one is quite sure about how he managed to do it—probably by way of some secret black magic process that only he knows—Russ Cochran pressed for and more importantly got permission to reproduce the choicest cuts of E.C. art... DIRECT FROM THE ORIGINAL! And what he's been doing with some of the even greater talent to E.C. finds.

Cochran's E.C. Portfolio One contains four complete stories, printed on big matte-finished paper, and he exhibits no prejudices against either horror or sci-fi material, since this collection features the titles HORROR WE? HOW'S SATUD?, TOUCH ANO TO MY WORLD AND FOOD FOR THOUGHT. The first of these is one of Graham's masterfully most enlightening and bone-chilling art jobs, filled to the rafters with monstrous people and decaying houses sinking slowly into the swamps. TOUCH ANO GO is illustrated by Johnny Cray: MY WORLD features the universe as seen THROWING THEM AWAY! Main Göt, do you know what those comets would be worth today?

What with all the forgotten lore that was better off forgotten that's been dredged up and glorified by present-day nostalgia freaks, the E.C. Comics represent a lost treasure that deserves to be remembered, and remembered for the fantastic treats they were. One of the people who remember them best is Russ Cochran of Adel, Iowa, who, unlike most of our sorry lot, was smart and lucky enough to save his collection of old E.C.'s, later trading them for mint copies of the same editions. And using the books in new condition, started Russ down a previously unknown road: he began wondering about how the original E.C. artwork might look to us today.

From an original idea that grew, with



Two great talents combined to make a super-art, as Al Williamson and Roy Krenkel united for "Food For Thought" in INCREDIBLE SCIENCE FICTION #32 in

Artist Wally Wood goes to a fantastic picture of his address in "My World," in WEIRD SCIENCE #92. A few panels from this 1953 masterpiece are pictured here.



THIS IS MY WORLD. THIS IS THE WORLD I LIVE. IT IS A STRANGE, TERRIBLE, DANGEROUS, AND STUNNING AND ALIVE WITH STRANGE BEASTS AND STRANGE THINGS AND HORROR OBJECTS AND LIGHT DRIZZLING THAT WILL BE THROWN INTO ITS STAGNANT POOLS AND SLURP THROUGH ITS SUCKING BOSS IN SEARCH OF FOOD TO FILL THEIR GUTTERAL BELLS.

IT IS A WORLD OF EXPLORATION AND THE UNKNOWN. THE SILENT THRILL OF RAZING UPON AN ELDER LANGUAGE THAT NO MAN HAS EVER BEFORE.



...IT CAN BE A WORLD OF EVILATING PINK AND UNDERSTANDING AND THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.



FOR MY WORLD IS THE WORLD OF SCIENCE-FICTION... CONCEPTS BY MY HAND AND PLACED INTO POWER WITH PENCIL AND INK AND BRUSH AND SWEET AND A GREAT DEAL OF LOVE FOR MY WORLD. FOR I AM A SCIENCE-FICTION ARTIST. MY NAME IS WOOD.



GAINES & FELDSTEIN

Continued from page 18

They obviously had it a lot easier than most because you did write heavy disquisitions. We're brand it said the captions actually encouraged people to get into reading, develop their reading skills and such.

AL: I wish you were around during the *Investigation* days—*is* to be.

BILL: Well, I'm sure you are right to some extent because our books were more linear, in a very rough sense, than most comics because Al was so heavy with the words. But the damn words were so beautiful that I never wanted to let them down.

AL: We presented to the artist something that no comic book artist had ever gotten up to that point. We presented him with the drawing copy, with the story already in it, with the letters already in place. What I did was to write the stories directly on the illustration board. It went to Ed who read it and edited it and it went from there to the letterer who arranged it and then we let it go with the artist. We gave him the story and we said, "Sit down and read it."



BILL: Well, you must have been under a lot of that stuff in those days.

I was influenced not by any of the classic horror writers certainly. I read Poe. I couldn't tell you more than 2 or 3 things of his that I read, so it wasn't all that much. I was influenced mostly by the radio and the pulp.

AL: Me too.

BILL: ...and the movies. The main media of the day. While they were influenced by—I don't know. But I was not influenced by any high literary writers. I was influenced by low-literary writers. And the same with the science fiction. When I was a kid, I read the science fiction pulps, AMAZING & ASTOUNDING. There was no science in those days. When we first started publishing, I don't think Al & I knew any of the great science fiction writers or was any of the great horror writers. We ended up knowing who they were. In fact, we discovered *Stratford*.

AL: I think that that might have been an advantage.

BILL: Oh, I suppose it was.

AL: Because here we were doing science fiction in the comics. If we had been influenced by John Campbell's *ASTOUNDING* and the writers that were in it, I think we would have been way out of our head of modernity that we started with. I think we were hung up in terms of making this a visually entertaining media. So I think that my subway in these areas was good. And Ed's knowledge of the story lines and the way they worked was enough for us to work together on plotting and coming up with something specifically designed for the problem at hand which was visual presentation of the story. Later on we got a little more verbose because we came under the influence of these writers. I think I did.

AL: That wasn't blank.

BILL: I said blank once ...

AL: Oh, yeah. Generally what went on in each panel is what I would tell him.

BILL: The only thing he'd tell him was what was happening. He

wouldn't tell him how to put what where. That's where the artists were given free range. If somebody was having somebody over the head with a hatchet, the guy had to be there. But from any angle and any way the artist wanted to draw it.



The boy wonder himself, Al Williamson. You can catch him now and then up at The Monster Times office.

Now, Harvey, on the other hand, worked in an entirely different way. Harvey who wrote the stories. He broke it down, and he goes it to them on blank pieces of paper, lettered, so that over each panel was a piece of tracing with the exact layout of the panel sketched in the way Harvey wanted it. So, in that sense, Harvey didn't give the artist any choice.

AL: Harvey and I were always at odds about that.

BILL: Harvey didn't give them any chance to express themselves in the format of what they wanted to do. Harvey was more like an orchestra conductor getting out of each instrument exactly what he wanted. Al did the completely opposite thing. Al was thoroughly persuasive.

AL: Unless they were giving a poster or inventing out something important or not to do what we were going to ...

BILL: These guys eventually got to be such pros that they knew what Al wanted. They'd just brought it in ...

AL: You're right. Actually the script was right there. The disciplines were right there to a certain point, you know. But they understood what we wanted them to do. And I did not have stories that I wrote and were drawn the way I would draw them. I don't think this was the thing. *Breakers* then everybody—Graham and Orlando or Wood or Davis would be all doing their individuality of my drawings and I didn't believe in that. And I don't do that today in MAD either.

TMT: If you would have originally conceived them pretty accurately because as an artist and as a writer you had a strong mental image in your head which ...

AL: Yeah, but I'm not prejudiced and there are better people around than me and including those guys. I feel like I'm the better who bring in the special cake and let them put the icing on their way. You know what I mean? As long as the book integrity is there, they're only going to add, not detract.

BILL: Of course, on the other hand, your point is well taken and that was one of the other names of the three editors ... Feldstein, Kurtzman and Crisp. All were first and foremost artists.

So, therefore, more than the average comic artist writer they think visually and everything in the comic in those days was thought out visually.

Even as they were writing it. They were thinking visually.

TMT: Roy Thomas once told me that the Feldstein comics were the most commercially successful because of their punch and the static horror quality.



This guy is Harvey Kurtzman. Why is he smiling? Wouldn't you smile if you were drawing LITTLE ANNIE FANNY?

AL: You know I never felt I was a really good artist and Ed was always putting me on the back and saying you are a good artist. You tell a story very well. And I always felt that there were a lot better artists around. You know, Ed to me was fantastic and Davis and Johnny Drip. I admired Johnny. All of those guys more than I admired myself. I always felt I was stuck. And yet this very static thing people would tell me in retrospect was what made my material interesting.

BILL: I always drew a pencil with Chester Gould (JOCK THACY) artist because as an illustrator, he knew much to be desired, but as a story teller, which is what he is, he's been as the top of the file for 30 years. And Al was the same kind of situation. There may have been better illustrations on the staff but there was certainly no better story telling. Unfortunately, Al couldn't illustrate everything. So he just didn't. Ultimately he illustrated nothing except a few horror scenes from time to time to keep his hands in it.



AL: Yeah, but that was because I was writing.

BILL: You were writing and editing if you want to get technical. We turned out about an issue a week in those days.

AL: We wrote four stories a week and one day for proofing and editing a letter page and stuff like that. But approximately four stories a week and then we'd have like a week off, is that?

BILL: Yeah. We did seven times, six weeks a time. So 42 weeks a year we turned out a book a week. The other two weeks were either vacations or days off or just extra time to do what we hadn't really done on the one week because we didn't really remember that schedule perfectly.

TMT: Well, The Monster Times brings you guys for going on that interview. I gotta go now. The Monster Times *Glimpse* is coming to pick me up, and I don't get back to the office by midnight, it turns into a hell of a workout.

BILL: As the Old Witch might say, "It's going to be a hot time in the Old town tonight ..."

AL: Homer too, Bill. When you read the first *Terror*...

BILL: In the *Terror* we reached a certain level and we never went beyond it. But with the science fiction, we probably wouldn't have maintained the thought of doing more sophisticated stories all of the stuff that was in *ASTOUNDING* in those days. But over five years later because we did develop. No question about it.

AL: Wouldn't you say that the science fiction was our up top? How from the writing style and years from the plotting and narrative and the complicated theoretical stuff?

BILL: We always used to be more prominent of our science fiction, but the damn things were being reprinted.

AL: We'd spend hours, Bill and I, discussing the theoretical situations in terms of their coming up with a story. Three hours and reverse their steps.

BILL: It was pretty near the end of the rope for us.

TMT: Let's see now. The *Stratford* didn't make it as well as the stuff you did.



And as we leave the master himself, Bill Gaines a courtesy showing his secretary around his desk. See, they always said creative personnel work hard!

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